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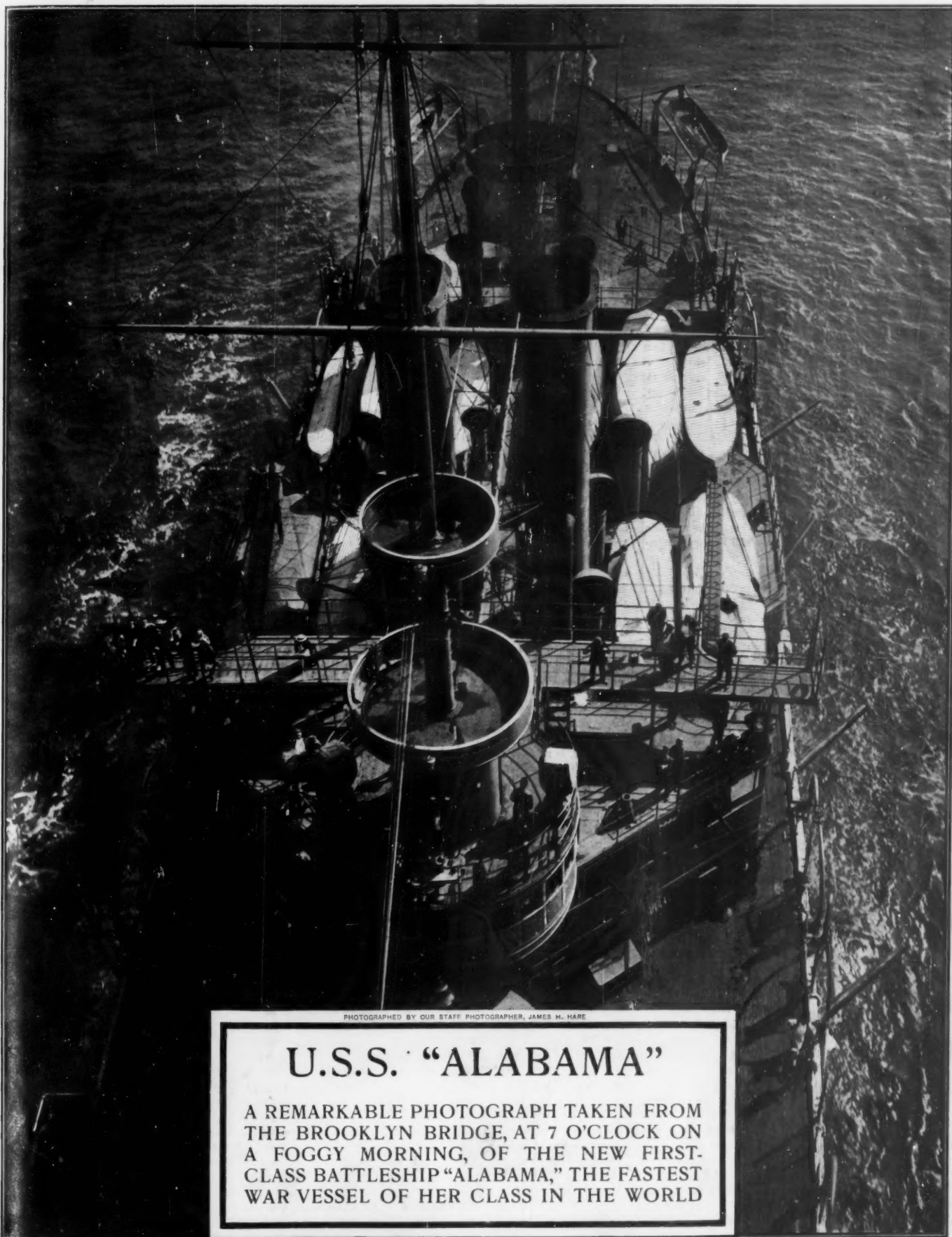
WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CURRENT EVENTS

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VOL TWENTY-FIVE NO 24

NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 15 1900

PRICE TEN CENTS



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U.S.S. "ALABAMA"

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, AT 7 O'CLOCK ON A FOGGY MORNING, OF THE NEW FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP "ALABAMA," THE FASTEST WAR VESSEL OF HER CLASS IN THE WORLD



COLLIER'S WEEKLY

EDITORIAL PAGE

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

EDITORIAL and GENERAL OFFICES 521-547 West Thirteenth Street 518-524 West Fourteenth Street NEW YORK CITY



VOLUME TWENTY-FIVE
NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH, 1900

TEN CENTS A COPY
\$5.20 PER YEAR

RUSSIA'S PEACE PROPOSAL TO THE UNITED STATES

THE MOST important incident which has occurred in connection with the Chinese crisis since the rescue of the legations at Peking is the proposal made by Russia to the United States and accepted by our State Department. It will be remembered that the admirals of the allied fleet at Taku, with the exception of the commanders of the Russian and American contingents, decided at a conference held the other day to arrest Li Hung Chang on his arrival at the mouth of the Peiho River, in order to prevent him from proceeding to Tien-tsin and Peking. Such a proceeding would, of course, be tantamount to a refusal to recognize him as the Peking Government's representative intrusted with full powers to treat for peace. The St. Petersburg Foreign Office forthwith cabled to our State Department proposing that Russia and the United States should jointly recall their troops from Peking, on the ground that the purpose of the expedition thither, to wit, the liberation of the inmates of the legations, had been accomplished; and, further, that the two powers should jointly recognize Li Hung Chang as the plenipotentiary of the Emperor Kwang-Su and of the Empress Regent for the purpose of arranging terms of peace. The fact should never be lost sight of that, while all the powers still recognize Kwang-Su as the titular sovereign, they have all, since the *coup d'état* of 1898, acknowledged the Empress Dowager's right to act as Regent, an edict signed by Kwang-Su himself having invested her with supreme authority. Neither the St. Petersburg Government nor our own is disposed to recede from the position taken in 1898; both deem it wise to continue to recognize the Empress as Regent, and to assume that all hostile acts, ostensibly authorized or tolerated by her during the last three months, were performed under duress. This view of the case will be justified, if she consents to punish the perpetrators of outrages, to make adequate reparation for the injuries inflicted and to offer suitable guarantees against a repetition of such offences. That Li Hung Chang has been authorized by the Empress Regent to treat for peace is hardly disputable. At all events, his credentials have been accepted by Russia and the United States, and, if a confirmation of them is desired by any other power, it can undoubtedly be furnished. What course will be taken by the other treaty powers, if Russia and the United States persist in the determination to withdraw their troops from Peking and to negotiate with Li Hung Chang for a settlement of all matters in controversy? We may take for granted that France will adopt the programme of her Russian ally. Japan will probably follow suit, for it is well known that the Tokio Government considers the upholding of the reigning Manchu dynasty indispensable to save China from anarchy. There is no more obvious and effective way of upholding the Manchu dynasty than to evacuate Peking, thus permitting the nominal Emperor and the Empress Regent to return thither and negotiate for peace through their chosen plenipotentiary. Whether that plenipotentiary be Li Hung Chang alone, or whether such colleagues be assigned to him as Prince Cheng and one or more of the great Yangtze viceroys is, of course, a matter of detail. We have said that Japan will probably cooperate with Russia and the United States on general principles; she will be certain to do so, should Russia intimate that no further opposition will be offered to the Mikado's absorption of Korea. We believe that this concession will be made; for the St. Petersburg Government must now see plainly that the completion and pacific operation of the Manchurian branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway will give it sufficient occupation for some years to come, and that a quarrel with Japan about the Hermit Kingdom had better be avoided. At the hour when we write, it is unknown what answer will be made by England to our suggestion that she join Russia and ourselves in recognizing Li Hung Chang as the plenipotentiary of the nominal Emperor and the Empress Regent. If England has been sincere in her professions of a desire to maintain China's territorial integrity, it is hard to see on what grounds she can reject our proposal. We assume, therefore, that she will accept it. There remains only Germany to be considered, for as to her Austrian and Italian allies, these may be dismissed as negligible factors in the Far Eastern crisis. Germany, of course, has a special grievance against the Chinese Government, because her Minister, Baron von Ketteler, was murdered in the streets of Peking. That unparalleled outrage would afford a just ground for demanding a larger pecuniary indemnity than that awarded to any other treaty power. But, in the teeth of a protest from Russia, Great Britain, the United States, France and Japan, it would scarcely warrant a demand for the territorial dismemberment of China. The unreasonableness of such an exaction would doubtless be recognized by the Emperor William II., had he not exposed himself to ridicule by the tardy despatch of Marshal von Waldersee to act as Generalissimo of all the allied forces in the province of Chih-li. As things are now, there is abso-

lutely nothing for Von Waldersee to do; but to be forced to recall that commander, and to admit that Germany has played not a preëminent but the humblest part in the Chinese imbroglio, is gall and bitterness to her ambitious Kaiser. William II., however, will be obliged to swallow his humiliation if the five great powers which we have named decide to treat with the Chinese Government, and thus put an end to the present troubles by diplomatic instead of military measures. They could not permit their well-considered policy to be disturbed by the German Kaiser's perversity, and he would be powerless to land a soldier in China against the will of any one of the five powers negotiating through Li Hung Chang. The truth is that William II. overreached himself in trying to play the swagger role after the hard work had been accomplished, and the probable outcome of the Chinese complication will be to convince him that he is a much smaller man than he thought he was. It is hard on Von Waldersee, however, who is a meritorious officer, to find himself cast for the leading part in a farce-comedy. This Waldersee business has been extremely funny from the start, but the crowning absurdity was Emperor William's assumption that his chosen Generalissimo would have an iron grip on American sympathies because his wife is the daughter of a New York grocer, who chose to expatriate herself forty-five years ago and marry two Germans in succession.

COULD BRYAN HELP SILVER BY EXECUTIVE FIAT?

BUT LITTLE effect seems to have been produced by the attempts to convince conservative voters in general and capitalists in particular that the Federal Senate is in danger of having a Free Silver majority before 1905. Some of the conjuring work performed with figures is ingenious but it is not impressive. Evidently, some other method must be hit upon of arousing the apprehensions not only of the employers of labor but of the wage-earners themselves, who are alike interested in averting any disturbance of the monetary standard which would threaten a financial crisis and industrial prostration. Accordingly, Mr. Gage, the Secretary of the Treasury, has been invited to point out to what extent Mr. Bryan, if elected President, could carry out his well-known views concerning silver, even although both the Senate and House of Representatives should retain throughout his term majorities favorable to the preservation of the single gold standard. Could the next President, solely by virtue of his executive functions, force silver into circulation and apply it to the payment of the public debt, thus creating a situation which would lead our foreign creditors to withdraw their investments from the United States and cause an extreme stringency in the money market on this side of the Atlantic? If Mr. Bryan should have such power, he certainly would be called upon to use it by the friends of Free Silver, and he could scarcely refuse to do so without a breach of faith. That such power would be vested in the President is made clear by the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Gage shows that Mr. Bryan could order the head of the Treasury Department to pay in silver the interest, and also, when it should fall due, the principal of all the public debt which, on its face, is made payable in "coin." Nor is this all. He could also meet in silver, so long as coined silver should be procurable, all the current disbursements of the Government, which amount to from \$1,500,000 to \$1,750,000 per day, or, in other words, to upward of \$500,000,000 a year. No doubt he would at first experience some difficulty in meeting such payments with silver, for at present the Federal Government owns and controls only about \$16,000,000 in the white metal, the rest of the silver being now outside of the Treasury and in circulation among the people either in the form of silver certificates or coin. The Treasury Department's announcement, however, of a purpose to pay silver in settlement of all interest on the public debt not specifically payable in gold, and to make its daily disbursements to its creditors in silver, would stop, or largely diminish, the present inflow of gold, and correspondingly increase payments of silver and silver certificates into the Treasury. The time, therefore, could be foreseen when all the revenues of the Government would be paid to it in silver dollars or silver certificates, and all disbursements flowing from it would be made in the same way. There would thus be established a circuit of silver out of the Treasury into the hands of the people, next from the people into the banks and then from the banks into the custom houses and into the hands of the collectors of internal revenue. When such a circuit should have been established, the Federal Government would, by mere Executive fiat, have been practically placed on a silver basis. Mr. Gage went on to demonstrate that such a state of things would have a disastrous effect upon the credit of the Government. It would soon cease to have gold enough for the payments which must by law be made in gold. The face value, for instance, of the outstanding greenbacks that are by

law redeemable in gold, and of the Treasury notes of 1890 which can only be redeemed in the same way, amounts to \$430,000,000. Against these the Government holds \$150,000,000 in gold, and is by law required not to permit the gold reserve to be reduced below the \$100,000,000 mark. When that point is reached, it is the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to buy gold so as to restore the reserve of the yellow metal to \$150,000,000. It is obvious that, when all the outstanding greenbacks redeemable in gold and all the Treasury notes of 1890 were presented for redemption, as they certainly would be whenever the Government was placed on a silver basis, the procurement of the vast amount of the yellow metal which would be needed would severely strain our financial resources. We have by no means exhausted the list of consequences which would flow from the executive order which Mr. Bryan would be expected to make. The Government's revenue, being payable in silver, would be very much diminished in purchasing power, so that, instead of a surplus, we should probably witness a deficiency. The derangement of the public finance would cause an arrest of industry and a depression of business. Nobody would be able to measure accurately the influence of the Government's course upon his personal affairs. Everybody would be in a state of anxiety, and, consequently, would refrain from entering into new transactions. In a word, commercial torpor and suspicion would succeed the present commercial activity, and we should again witness the industrial paralysis which characterized the years 1893-1896, when nobody could tell how the question of the monetary standard was to be decided. On the whole, Mr. Gage's warning must be deemed the most effective piece of campaign ammunition which the Republicans have yet secured. The mere thought of reverting to the state of things which existed in 1893 is enough to frighten every wage-earner, every farmer and every small tradesman in the country. It should, on the other hand, be noted that Mr. Bryan's friends are doing their utmost to counteract the effect of Mr. Gage's assertion. It is pointed out that the amount of silver available for the purposes suggested by the Secretary of the Treasury is limited by law, and cannot be exceeded without the sanction of Congress, which would be unobtainable in the absence of a Free Silver majority in the Senate. No one denies, however, that Mr. Bryan, were he President, would have the power of taking the steps indicated by Mr. Gage, and it is certain that the Populists and the Free Silver wing of the Democratic party would expect him to exercise the power.

IS CUBA TO BE INDEPENDENT, OR A VASSAL?

AS WE EXPECTED, intelligent Cubans are indignant at Governor-General Wood's announcement that the organic law, to be framed by their coming constitutional convention, must define once for all the relations of the Cuban republic to the United States. We have previously pointed out that no State can be independent, unless its Legislature and Executive have the power at any moment to define, change or reverse their relations to every foreign country. If its power in this respect is restricted by one iota, the independence of the State is mutilated to just that extent. Now we have no right to impose any such restriction. Cuba was not ceded to this country, by the treaty with Spain, as was Porto Rico. It was simply evacuated, and our rights and duties in the island are prescribed by the joint resolution of April 18, 1898, which remains as binding upon us as our Federal Constitution itself, until it is rescinded. That joint resolution pledges us to give Cuba independence, and President McKinley will violate the law of the land if he attempts to qualify the independence of the Cuban republic by the constitutional restrictions demanded by Governor-General Wood. We observe that a number of representative Cubans have earnestly requested Mr. McKinley to countermand that part of the Governor-General's proclamation which has reference to limitations on the legislative and executive liberty of the Cuban republic. What answer Mr. McKinley has made, or whether he has made any, is, as yet, unknown. The petitioners plead that constitutional restrictions are superfluous, because an independent Cuban republic would, for its own sake, do most of the things desired; that is to say, it would give American products a preference in the Cuban markets by way of compensation for the admission of Cuban sugar to our ports duty free, and it would willingly agree to make no treaty, other than a commercial one, with any other foreign power, if the United States would relieve it from the necessity of maintaining a navy and a large army by promising to defend it against foreign aggression. The petitioners omit to say that the public debt, to be incurred by the new republic, should not exceed a given figure, and it would be unreasonable to expect an independent State to bind itself beforehand with regard to such a matter. There is no doubt that this Cuban business will need close watching during the next sixty days.

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JAPANESE ARMY OFFICERS GATHERED TO COMMEMORATE THE FALL OF KIUCHOW

JAPAN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD CHINA

By DURHAM WHITE STEVENS, Counsellor of the Japanese Legation

THE RACIAL differences that exist between Japan and China, which their history during the past three decades has done so much to accentuate, have probably led some observers to believe that the two peoples are naturally antipathetic. The war of 1894 has been cited as proof of this, and in the present crisis in the Far East it appears to be taken for granted by many who should be better informed that the Japanese people will regard China's misfortune as their opportunity. So far as Japan is concerned, there is no valid reason for thinking that either the government or the great mass of the people cherish for China the dislike which such a belief implies. Probably the belief is equally incorrect in the case of some, at least, of the less ignorant classes in China. Although, as present events unhappily prove, intolerance and bigoted conservatism are now in the ascendancy there, signs have not been wanting during recent years of the spread of more liberal ideas and of friendlier feelings on the part of the Chinese toward their island neighbor. It is not the fault of Japan's government or of the public sentiment which has been predominant during the Meiji era that such feelings have not attained a sturdier growth. Notwithstanding the clash of interests to which near neighborhood has so often given rise, the men who have been most prominent in guiding Japanese public policy since the Restoration have sincerely desired to establish and foster friendly relations with China. The difficulty has been to create a corresponding desire and equal cordiality on China's part. Japan's advances have often been met with only partly concealed aversion and suspicion, and it has been clearly demonstrated on numerous occasions that the rulers of China disliked Japan not so much on account of ancient grievances as because the Japanese people, in Chinese estimation, were recalcitrant in putting aside the traditions of the past and adopting the despised yet dreaded methods of Western nations. We cannot analyze and catalogue the elements which form what is termed national character as the expert separates and classifies the constituents of a chemical compound, but among the many complex and seemingly contradictory traits which distinguish the Chinese from other peoples one characteristic is unmistakable—a firm belief in China's superiority to the rest of the world. It exists among the educated who have

seen something of the world almost to the same extent as among the ignorant who know only a remote corner of their own country. "The term 'China,'" remarks a clever ob-

server, "is a misnomer; there is no such thing as a national entity to which we can give the name. The Empire is a vast agglomeration of different races, who do not even speak the same language, and in most instances hate each other venomously." That may be true, but the fact remains that the average Chinese met at random, no matter from what part of the vast Empire he comes, bears this hall-mark of the race, this inborn faith in the Empire's ancient civilization, and instinctive distrust of methods and things unfamiliar to him or new to his environment.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

To a people imbued with ideas like these, Japan's course at the beginning of the present era could not fail to be regarded with disapproval, not untinged with contempt. Later on, when Japanese progress had passed the experimental stage, a feeling of vague alarm was added, at least among the better-informed Chinese officials, to whom it appeared that the increase in Japan's military strength could have but one object: attack upon China. Even Li Hung Chang at one time entertained some thought of the kind, and there is the best of reasons for believing that the extensive military preparations which he inaugurated in the provinces, where for so many years as viceroy he exercised practically all governmental functions, were intended primarily as a safeguard against Japan. Happily, subsequent events disabused his mind of that idea, and although the lessons of adversity were needed to effect the change, there is no question that he became convinced that Japan did not intend to subjugate China as he had once thought, but desired sincerely to be China's friend. Where, however, a man like Viceroy Li, admittedly the ablest and most progressive leader among the Chinese, could believe that the efforts of the Japanese people to improve their condition were instigated by ambitious designs against China, the mental attitude of the more conservative and less intelligent of his countrymen toward the new phenomena which Japanese progress presented can easily be imagined. Hence it resulted that among the many difficult problems with which the Japanese government had to deal under the new order of things one of the hardest tasks was the maintenance of friendly relations with China. Yet that Japan endeavored in good faith to maintain such relations admits of no question. In making this effort the Japanese government was not oblivious of the fact that, notwithstanding past differences, the two nations



DURHAM WHITE STEVENS

server, "is a misnomer; there is no such thing as a national entity to which we can give the name. The Empire is a vast agglomeration of different races, who do not even speak the



JAPANESE INFANTRY RESTING BEHIND THE MUD WALL DURING THE RE-ATTACK ON TIEN-TSIN BY THE ALLIED FORCES



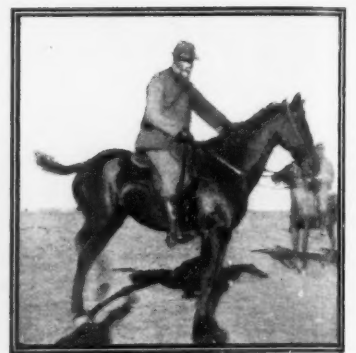
GENERAL LUCAS MEYER AT THE HEAD OF HIS COMMANDO ON THE VELDT



JOHN STAHL, A FIGHTING FREE STATE BURGHER



GENERAL TOBIAS SMUTS AND HIS DESPATCH-BEARERS



GENERAL MEYER AND HIS CHARGER "WHISKEY"



GENERAL DE WET RECEIVING DESPATCHES



PART OF A FREE STATE COMMANDO WITH A CAPTURED BRITISH FLAG



GENERAL FRONEMAN AND HIS BODYGUARD

SOME FAMOUS BOER COMMANDERS AND COMMANDOS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWARD C. HILLEGAS

were bound together by many ties. Japan owed much to China in the past, and no one could have been readier to acknowledge that indebtedness than the Japanese themselves. Japan's ancient literature came from China, and upon many of her arts and industries there was the unmistakable impress of Chinese ideas. Under the Tokugawa regime, during the uninterrupted peace of more than two centuries, Chinese literature, art and philosophy exercised the widest influence. When the Shogunate was overthrown and Japan entered upon her new career this influence had by no means disappeared, and the kindly sentiments it had engendered among the educated classes of the Empire were still present. But the two nations had come to the parting of the ways, and thereafter their paths became widely divergent.

THE PEACE PARTY IN JAPAN

Still, it cannot be too emphatically repeated that Japan has never sought a rupture with China. On the contrary, the history of the early years of the Meiji era proves that she endeavored to avoid cause for disagreement, and did so at the cost of internal strife of the most serious description. I refer now to the rebellions of Eto Shimpei in 1874 and of Saigo Takamori in 1877. Both of those leaders were members of the first Ministry formed after the Restoration. Saigo was the more distinguished of the two, a man of the highest character and most unblemished reputation, the commander-in-chief of the imperial army which conquered the Shogun, and to-day, notwithstanding his disastrous revolt, a revered figure in Japanese annals. The Saigo rebellion, as well as the earlier one of Eto, was directly due to disagreements in the Ministry regarding the policy to be pursued toward Korea. The Koreans had treated the Japanese government with studied disrespect tantamount to intentional insult. Saigo, Eto and other Ministers were in favor of making war at once, but Iwakura and Okubo opposed them and were successful in preserving peace. The significance of this event is apparent when it is considered that the anomalous relations then subsisting between China and Korea made an attack upon the latter equivalent to war upon the former. There is not the slightest reason for believing that the dominant party in the Iwakura Ministry feared the issue, but they believed that Japan's true policy was peaceful development and not war with her neighbors, and

to ensure that policy the risk was taken of curbing the military ardor of the war party.

The incident deserves mention, as it was the prelude to the long series of events vitally affecting Japanese and Chinese interests which culminated in the war of 1894. China's relations with Korea at that time were of the peculiar character which she maintained toward so many so-called tributary States. She was in a sense their suzerain, but she professed to allow them to manage their external and internal affairs and disavowed responsibility for their actions. Yet this did not prevent her from interfering and assuming all the authority of a real suzerain when it suited her purposes to do so. International law afforded no definition for this relationship, and when Korea entered into direct treaty relations with other Powers its evanescent and yet troublesome character became at once manifest. This was especially the case with Japan. Her government concluded a treaty with Korea in due course, and, from that time, until the independence of Korea was definitely acknowledged by China at the termination of the war with Japan, the Korean situation was a fertile source of care and vexation. The Koreans themselves, at least some of the ruling class, were not overfriendly to Japanese, and there is good reason to suppose that the agents of the Chinese government did not lose many opportunities of fostering this feeling.

KOREAN DIFFICULTIES

Yet, throughout all the disagreeable experiences to which this gave rise, I think it may be truthfully asserted that the Japanese government acted with tolerant forbearance. Twice the members of the Japanese legation were forced to fly for their lives from Seoul. On the first occasion, the Minister and his suite were compelled to put to sea at Chemulpo in an open fishing-boat, from which they were finally rescued by a passing vessel. On the second occasion, in December, 1884, there was a general massacre of the Japanese residents of Seoul. The Minister, who fortunately had a small guard of soldiers, forced his way out of the city after a series of fights, in which the guards of the Chinese Resident took an active part. An indemnity was exacted for each of these outrages, but in both cases the payment of the larger portion of the money was remitted. In either case Japan undoubtedly had

good cause for war with Korea, but her government understood perfectly that China and not Korea was primarily responsible for the violation of Japanese rights, and it looked to China, therefore, not, at first, for reparation, but for joint action which would preclude the recurrence of similar outrages. That was what led to the negotiation of the convention concluded at Tien-tsin in 1885 by Marquis Ito and Viceroy Li, by the terms of which Japan and China bound themselves not to interfere in the affairs of Korea, and especially not to send troops to that country without mutual notice and consultation. It was the breach of this convention, and the ill-concealed purpose on China's part to do what she could to perpetuate a state of affairs which had become unbearable, that brought about the war of 1894.

I shall have failed of the purpose I had in view, in this brief and necessarily imperfect review of Japan's relations with China in Korea, if I leave the impression that Japan's friends claim for her absolute immunity from mistakes in her dealings with those countries. That would be manifestly absurd. What I do believe her friends may confidently assert, however, is, that her conduct toward China and Korea has been characterized by patience under trying circumstances and has been, on the whole, an exhibition of prudent statesmanship of which any nation might be proud. Her present attitude toward Korea may be summed up in a word. She desires, above all things, that Korea shall remain independent and become prosperous, no longer a Hermit Kingdom even in name, but enjoying all the advantages which Western civilization brings to those who choose to avail themselves of its resources. Close neighborhood and the ties of legitimate self-interest it establishes give her the right, also, to demand that Korean autonomy shall be scrupulously respected, and that no attempt shall be made by any Power to interfere with the enjoyment of rights she has lawfully acquired and the maintenance of which is so essential to her welfare.

RUSSIA'S RELATIONS WITH JAPAN

There has been much newspaper comment of late forecasting the possibility of a rupture between Japan and Russia concerning Korea. Rumors of this kind cannot be too strongly deprecated. They are mischievous in the extreme, if only from their tendency to stir up bad blood be-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN CHINA



FRENCH SOLDIERS AT THE WALL OF THE NATIVE CITY OF TIEN-TSIN AFTER THE DEFEAT OF THE CHINESE TROOPS

between unthinking people in both countries. Japan and Russia entered into an agreement two years ago, the first article of which reads as follows:

"The imperial governments of Japan and Russia definitely recognize the sovereignty and entire independence of Korea, and mutually engage to refrain from all direct interference in the internal affairs of that country."

This it should not be forgotten, is a solemn covenant between two nations, not to be lightly broken or disregarded. To intimate that it may be violated at the whim or pleasure of either party, is to impute a species of bad faith the most detestable that can be charged against any nation claiming to be civilized. Instead of casting about for hidden motives, deep designs and all the other mysterious paraphernalia of intrigue, why not give to the word of Japan and Russia the credit which is justly and logically its due? There is nothing in the real interests of either of them which, upon a fair and impartial examination, affords reason to suppose they are eager to fly at each other's throats. Japan's brightest hopes of prosperity and success lie in the development of her commercial and industrial resources. In what respect do Russia's differ? Without pausing to consider the dream of vast empire so frequently ascribed to her, is it not more rational to suppose that she will wish to exploit the resources already under her control, and that she will not violate her pledged word by attempting a conquest certain to provoke bitter hostility and strenuous opposition?

THE PRESENT CRISIS

The Far East is already overshadowed by a misfortune too real and palpable to permit of the intrusion of these and like hypothetical dangers. The present crisis in China is a matter of vital concern to the whole civilized world, a tragedy which appeals to our common humanity, in the presence of which all conjectures as to what selfish advantage this or that nation may possibly gain are as harmful as they should be distasteful. The situation is one which cannot be adequately met except by loyal and united action on the part of all the Powers, for thus only can they hope to save the lives of their people and avert from China and all who have interests there another scourge like the Taiping Rebellion.

The United States occupy a peculiarly fortunate position at this juncture. It is the one nation among all those possessing great interests in China concerning whose intentions there cannot be the faintest tinge of suspicion. This is a reputation which any country might reasonably covet. It is one which Japan's friends earnestly desire for her and of which they confidently trust she may be found deserving. For she has no policy as regards the present condition of affairs in China, or the Chinese question as a whole, which differs from that avowed by the United States. It is gratifying to note how exactly the public sentiment of Japan, as echoed by the press, corroborates this statement. Commenting upon this fact that not a single Japanese newspaper has even hinted a desire for independent action on the part of Japan in China, one of the most prominent among them, the Japan "Times," observes: "This means, among other things, that men of all shades of opinion recognize in the present anti-foreign disorder a common danger to the interests of foreigners of all nationalities in China. It also proves in a striking manner the utter groundlessness of the oft-repeated apprehension in Europe and America of Japanese ambition to marshal the Yellow forces for the exclusion of White influence from eastern Asia. Japan's proudest ambition has been, and ever will be, to identify herself with, and be merged in, the great

current of European civilization. Having attained a certain degree of success in their endeavors in this direction, and keenly appreciating as they do the benefits resulting therefrom, it is only natural that the Japanese should feel deep concern on account of their oldest friends and neighbors, the Chinese, who are pursuing with disastrous results a policy exactly opposite to their own. This natural and genuine sympathy for the Chinese has already manifested itself in various practical forms, such as the education of their youth here, the sending of instructors to their schools, and so forth. In rendering these friendly services our only object, we hardly need repeat, has been to help the Chinese to start on a career of progress on European lines, and thus to avoid catastrophes such as are now impending over them. How this crisis will end is more than we can predict, but of one thing we are tolerably certain, and that is that the Japanese people are unanimously desirous that, whatever may be the outcome of the situation, their government will endeavor, in concert with those of other nations, to secure a settlement such as may conduce to the ultimate progress and prosperity of China."

JAPAN AND THE GREAT POWERS

That may be taken as a fair epitome of the views of the Japanese people concerning the present crisis. Neither they nor their government entertains any desire for territorial aggrandizement, or has any other object in view than the protection of life and property in China and the restoration by all proper means, in cooperation with other nations, of lawful authority and orderly government. The Japanese government has not thrust itself forward in this matter, or attempted to play the broker in the name of humanity. It has shown itself willing to stand loyally shoulder to shoulder with other nations in averting the horrible calamity which threatens all alike, and to do in the common cause all that the most liberal interpretation of its duty requires. The manner in which that duty has been thus far performed should, it seems to me, be taken as proof of the fallacy of the assertion sometimes made that Japan has hidden designs regarding China based upon the hope of obtaining control of the vast resources of the Chinese Empire and thereby inaugurating a conflict of races. Surmises of this description are the merest fantasies, implying, as they do, a belief in the probability of what is practically impossible of accomplishment, and ignoring, moreover, everything connected with Japan's renaissance. In China, Japan's position, it cannot be too often repeated, is the same as that of the other Powers whose only object is the protection of rightful interests, nothing more and nothing less. The question of partition will never be raised through her initiative. The Japanese nation desires neither the subjugation nor the dismemberment of its ancient neighbor and will no doubt cordially approve all efforts to rehabilitate China without recourse to extreme measures. But if, unhappily, such efforts fail, it will, equally without doubt, expect and demand that the vital interests which give Japan such good title to be heard shall not be ignored in the settlement of the questions then arising.

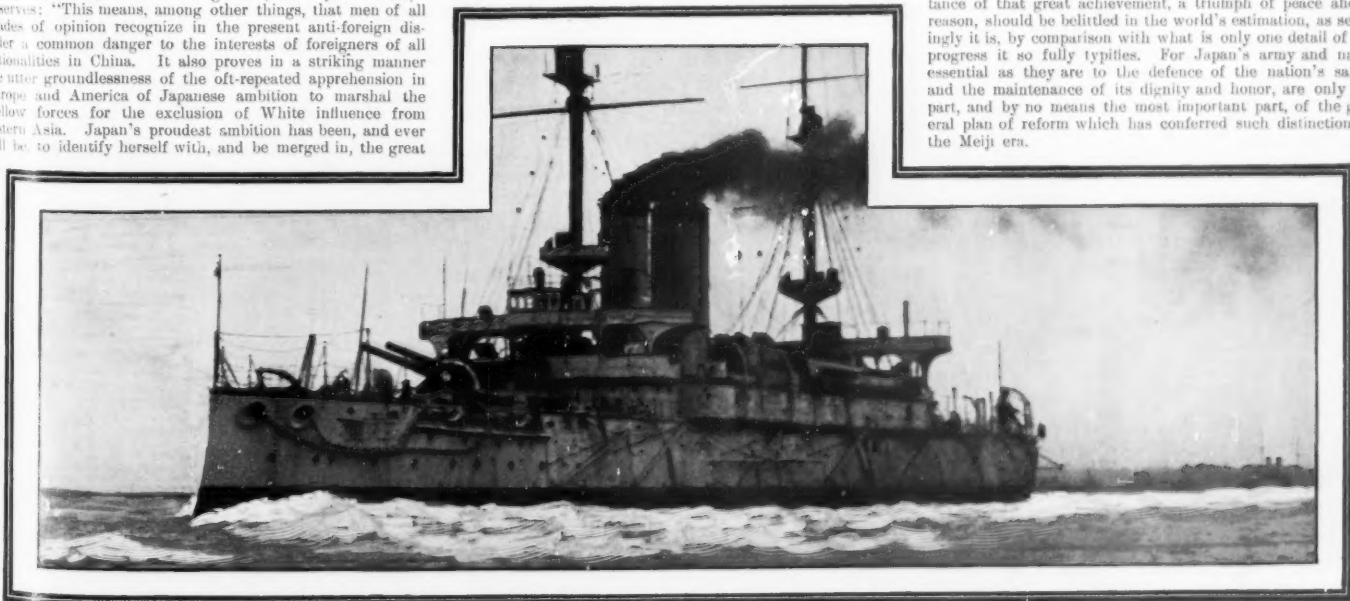
MILITARY AND NAVAL DEVELOPMENT

The situation in China brings into prominence the question of Japan's military and naval resources, a question which her nearness to the immediate scene of action renders of especial importance at the present time.

The plan of military and naval reorganization undertaken after the Japanese-Chinese War is now more than half completed. When it is finally accomplished the army on a peace footing will number about 150,000 men; on a war footing about 540,000. It is safe to say that at the present time the forces serving with the colors number about 125,000 men, and that this force could be nearly trebled by drafts upon the reserves. This, of course, comprises troops of all arms supplied with approved modern weapons.

With the navy the progress made has been equally remarkable. At the time of the war with China the *Fuso*, an old-type ironclad, was the only armored vessel in the Japanese navy. Now there are the *Shikishima* and *Asahi*, battleships of about 15,000 tons and between 18 and 19 knots speed, completed; the *Mikasa* and *Hatsuse*, of the same class, nearly built; the *Fuji* and *Yashima*, about 12,500 and 12,200 tons, respectively, in commission, and the *Ching-yeu*, 7,500 tons, captured from the Chinese. Of the six first-class protected cruisers three—the *Idzumo*, *Adzuma* and *Iwada*—are not yet completed; the others—the *Asama*, *Tokawa* and *Yakumo*—are in commission. All of these cruisers are from 9,500 to 9,800 tons, of between 20 and 21 knots speed, and carry unusually heavy armor for vessels of their class. Three new second-class cruisers have been added to the fleet—the *Takasago*, *Kasagi* and *Chitose*—the former about 4,200 tons and 24 knots speed, and the latter two about 4,900 tons and 23 knots speed. Besides these vessels there are twelve other second and third-class cruisers in commission; twelve torpedo-boat destroyers completed, three being built, and sixty torpedo boats either already constructed or nearing completion. This list does not include vessels of the older classes—like the *Fuso*, *Saigen* and *Heiyeu*—or smaller vessels, such as coast-defense vessels, gunboats, torpedo gunboats, despatch boats, and the like—a number of which are either in commission or being built. But it is complete enough to show that Japanese naval strength now, even before the completion of the naval programme, is greatly superior to what it was in 1894.

It should not be inferred that this increase of Japan's military and naval resources denotes any aggressive tendencies on her part. It is for defence and not for aggression, for the safeguarding of her own interests and not for encroachment upon those of others. This cannot be too often said, because the impression has gone abroad that Japan is arming for attack, and that her people are a militant race whom the victory over China has filled with the lust for conquest. Nothing could be further from the truth, as any one who has studied the nation's development during the past thirty years will acknowledge. Japan's greatest progress has been accomplished on peaceful lines. Almost exactly one year ago, on the 17th of July, 1899, she was welcomed into full fellowship by the Western Powers, and it seems a pity that the importance of that great achievement, a triumph of peace and of reason, should be belittled in the world's estimation, as seemingly it is, by comparison with what is only one detail of the progress it so fully typifies. For Japan's army and navy, essential as they are to the defence of the nation's safety and the maintenance of its dignity and honor, are only one part, and by no means the most important part, of the general plan of reform which has conferred such distinction on the Meiji era.



THE "ASAHI," THE MOST POWERFUL BATTLESHIP OF THE JAPANESE NAVY

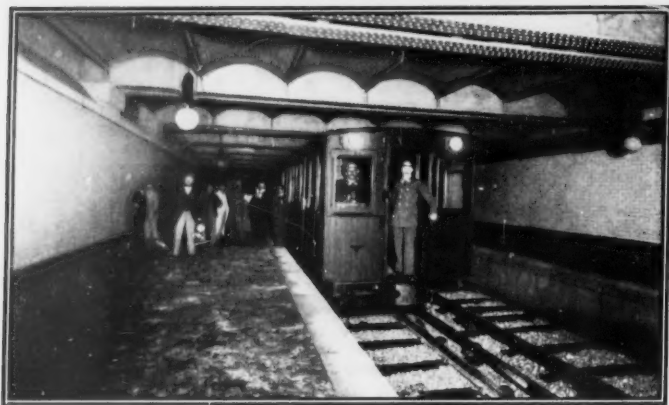
PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



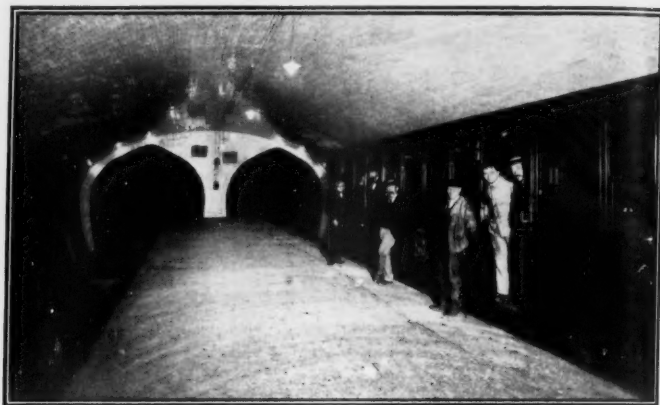
A COMBINATION MOTOR AND SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER COACH



PLACE DE LA BASTILLE STATION



TRAIN ARRIVING AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE STATION



DOUBLE TUNNEL AT VINCENNES STATION

THE PARIS UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC RAILWAY. THE NEW SYSTEM OF RAPID TRANSIT IN WHICH PARIS ANTICIPATES NEW YORK

LONDON



SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

NOW THAT they know Pekin to have been taken, and also that the Legations have permanently emerged from the Valley of the Shadow, English folk are penetrated, so far as one may thus quickly observe, by a desire to visit all future blame on those who deserve it and on those alone. Germany has a chance to show herself magnanimous over the murder of her Minister, provided his demise be traceable to rebel hands alone. Russia and France have no great wrongs to pardon, except the bombardment of the buildings occupied by their envoys; and in this respect we of the United States have been equally outraged. But the best minds here, I should say, lean now toward a deliberative policy. Japan has done by far the most in staying off what might have proved one of the worst massacres in history, and Japan has also played by far the most chivalrous part in this whole work of invasion and deliverance. Her rôle, as the unprejudiced must freely grant, is one of great dignity and self-restraint. Both France and Russia treated her shabbily five years ago, as all the world is aware; but in presence of a stupendous injury threatening civilization she has chosen the self-restrictive part of obedience to a high humanitarian summons, and performed it with an admirable expedition as well.

Nothing, the more thoughtful Englishman will tell you, could be madder on the part of the Powers than to clothe with precipitancy their future acts. It is quite probable that the Boxers, or some other fraternity of Celestial scamps, may be ten times more to blame than the Chinese Government. Terrible trepidation may now be assailing the old Empress in that *refugium sanctissimum*, the Forbidden City, whither she has doubtless fled. Of course she hates Europe, as from her own semi-savage viewpoint she has ample reason to do. But reckless tempting of European wrath is quite a different affair. She cannot have forgotten, this rather astute lady, how her own husband, Hienfung, was devoured by mortification in 1860, when Sir Hope Grant approached his capital, and how this mortified and insulted Emperor, flying to his hunting-seat of Jehol, beyond the Great Wall, died there from sheer humiliation and disgust. Now, forty years later, she is either a quaking recluse or a wild fugitive, as was once her dead lord. But whether she is really punishable or not—which, if any, of her Viceroys may be punishable—and just where and how to commence in the doling out of justice toward true offenders—all is wrapped, as yet, in hazes of mystery. We know enough concerning China to feel certain that in many respects, if not all, she is a country besotted by the most revolting superstitions. But she, in turn, knows enough about the Powers to realize that behind all their peaceful overtures a treacherous lurks of the most predatory, pitiless, vulpine sort. Sensible observers here perceive the rank impolicy of reading her empire piecemeal, apart from all considerations of an ethnic trend. By these, therefore, it is ardently hoped that present turnouts may precede a wiser calm. The Chinaman, like the Mussulman, regards his Western menaces as dogs of Christians. They in turn place him beneath a similar canine ban. Nevertheless, he is appallingly multitudinous in a land appallingly vast. However doglike, his general condition is one of

somnolence. But after fifty years of warfare against him, Europe might reach the conclusion that it is better to let sleeping dogs lie.

The continued "slimness" of De Wet must now be a very sharp thorn in Lord Roberts' flesh. This remarkably brilliant general has rendered the capture of Cronje much less calamitous than it might otherwise have proved. There now seems every probability that the war in the Western Transvaal will be prolonged for an indefinite time. This Jack-o'-Lantern of soldiers must have rather tried the self-love of Lord Kitchener, who is reputed, I believe, to have a somewhat copious share of that characteristic. To show a clean pair of heels persistently and with unvaried success to a foe of really enormous bulk and great vaunted skill in leadership, ranks among the most difficult of all military tactics. It is quite another task, nowadays, with the alleged "hero" of Omdurman. He has no longer a huge force, an immense level tract, scores of the deadliest Maxims, and for his enemy cohorts of dusk Orientals whose ignorance and bravery were of equal degree. . . . Apropos of this long and ever-lengthening Boer campaign, Lord Coleridge has just startled the community by a fierce tilt at it. Lord Coleridge, as I need hardly add, is a son of the peer who won his baronial title while Lord Chief Justice of England, and is himself a legal luminary of the brightest rays. His speech was delivered at Ottery, a town in Devonshire, and scathing is scarcely the word for it. Neither the treaty of 1881 nor that of 1884, he affirmed, gave Great Britain the least right to interfere in the domestic management of the Transvaal Government. People who went to the Transvaal simply to make fortunes there, had no right to demand a share in the management of the country where they settled. To annex either of the two Republics would be the most damaging course that the British Empire could possibly pursue. Force would constantly be required to keep in subjection these two conquered states. Every Dutch citizen throughout South Africa would become alienated, and discord would thrive unquenched between the northern colonies and that of the Cape. England's name and fame, pursued the speaker, were based on the fact that she was the home of liberty—that they who were small and oppressed never vainly appealed to her sympathies when beset by the rich, the mighty and the oppressive. If she lost this name she would lose all that had made her great. So much for Lord Coleridge, with his fearlessly outspoken views. And certain consentient listeners (who shall say?) were tempted silently to add: "Off with his head—so much for Chamberlain!"

Zionism, as it is called, has been at high tide here in London. All the Jews who believe that it would be best for their race to go back and settle in Palestine, making Jerusalem the reclaimed capital of a long-neglected fatherland, have been meeting at Queen's Hall, through representatives oratorical in the broadest sense. The delegates alone numbered four hundred, and the throng which flocked about them was almost uncountable. You saw some fine patriarchal faces; you saw some that were pitifully the reverse. Men of intellectual eminence discoursed. Dr. Max Nordau of Paris was both visible and audible; so were Dr. Herzl, editor of the "New Free Press" in Vienna, Sir Francis Montefiore, Mr. Greenberg, Mr. Zangwill, and many more. Pathetic accounts were given by Russian Jews of the persecution which their fellows endured at the hands of the Slavs. Professor Mandelstamm, of Kieff, told us that the Jews in Russia were worse off than any other people in the world. Frequently poverty would compel two or three families, consisting of sixteen or seventeen people, to lodge in one room. Sir Francis Montefiore spoke with intense earnestness in behalf of the movement.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

PARIS



SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

IT IS MANY a long year since the French capital has witnessed a fête of such stupendous proportions as that of Saturday, August 18. It was the occasion of the distribution of awards of the Universal Exposition, and all Paris seemed to have thronged to the Exposition grounds to attend the ceremonies. Thanks to the proportions of the magnificent Salle des Fêtes, the chosen few who were able to applaud President Loubet's speech numbered no less than fifteen thousand, which exceeded the crowd on inauguration day by a good third. As my general view shows, there was not an inch of standing room left in the vast edifice, unless we except the centre aisle, lined by Republican guards, and domestic and colonial troops.

The really interesting feature of the ceremony was not Loubet's speech, but the procession in front of the presidential tribune of the foreign commissioners and of representatives of the various groups. In this procession were seen the picturesque and brilliant costumes of the civilized and even semi-civilized nations of the globe and many thags and penants borne by members of the foreign commissions. Preceded by the ushers of the city of Paris, wearing their silver chains of office, the cortège advanced toward the President and each section in turn inclined its standard.

Seeing that the number of grand prizes was 2,827, without mentioning the thirty odd thousand gold, silver and bronze medals, it would have been physically impossible for the distribution to take place on the spot, so at the conclusion of M. Millerand's address, M. Picard handed to the president of each group a list of the awards and the crowd adjourned to the open to prepare for the illuminations and naval display of the evening.

The new underground railway which was opened here on July 20 is now in excellent running order and is an undoubted convenience, not only to the natives, but to the great crowds of visitors to whom the old easy-going modes of transit were intolerable. It is the first rapid transit possessed by Paris, and is a genuine relief from the snail-like progression of the cabs and omnibuses that are endless transferring.

It cuts through the city from east to west, and in construction and system is similar to the underground electric railways now being operated in London. The stations are underground, and at present are approached by narrow staircases from the street, and these entrances are made as decorative as is consistent with utility.

On descending to the level of the tracks one notices a remarkable lowering of the temperature. On a warm day this drop is from ten to fifteen degrees. As a refuge from the almost intolerable heat that has been afflicting Paris recently the underground is already a success. The carriages making up the rolling stock of this line are all lightly built and prettily upholstered. A combined motor and passenger carriage and two carriages devoted exclusively to passengers make up a train. The tunnels are lighted by electricity, and as they are lined with glazed white brick the effect in passing through them is rather pleasant than otherwise.

V. GRIBAYEVOFF.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



THE SALLE DES FETES DURING THE DISTRIBUTION OF AWARDS



THE MUNICIPAL GUARDS OF PARIS

GENERAL PORTER AND STAFF ARRIVING AT THE SALLE DES FETES

TUNISIAN ENVOYS AND SUITE



PRESIDENT LOUBET DECORATING THE FOREIGN FIREMEN



AWAITING PRESIDENT LOUBET'S ARRIVAL

M. MILLERAND, PICARD AND DELAUNAY

DISTRIBUTING AWARDS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION



THE CIVIL COMMISSION IN MANILA

By FREDERICK PALMER, Special Correspondent of COLLIER'S WEEKLY

MANILA, P. I.

THERE IS NO gainsaying that Judge Taft was a little disappointed when he was shown the house which had been reserved for his occupation. Formerly it was the town headquarters of General Whenton, who used it as a kind of storehouse for the belongings of himself and staff and slept there on the infrequent occasions when he came in from the front. It is no better and no worse than scores of houses of the same style which were occupied by Spanish or foreign merchants in the old days. On one side it faces the bay and on the other a garden and a gate leading into the most fashionable part of the Calle Real. From the outside, to one fresh from America, it appears to be a very spacious building indeed. Once inside, you find that it runs to areas and to galleries, while in the rooms number is sacrificed to size. Again in the style of all houses built for foreigners—following the precedent of the nipa hut which is raised on posts to keep the doorstep out of the mud of the rainy season—only the upper of the two stories is for occupation.

"I have a pretty large family," said the Judge, "and I don't see just where they are all going to stay, let alone having an extra bedroom or two for visitors—and I like company. Didn't you say that some other houses had been reserved for members of the Commission? I would like to see them."

After his wish had been gratified, he concluded that the instruction to secure the best house available for him had been intelligently carried out.

JUDGE TAFT "RECEIVES"

He never hinted that he should "rank" General MacArthur out of the official residence of the Governor-General at Malacan. Incidentally, Malacan was also a disappointment to the Judge, who had an idea that Spanish palaces were something very grand. Later, when he becomes actual Governor-General, it will remain with him to say whether or not the commander of the forces shall move out of Malacan to make way for a civilian superior. Until their families come from Japan he and his inseparable companion, General Wright, will live in the Whenton house. When the rubbish was cleaned out and the floors polished they found it astonishingly presentable. They came ashore finally from the transport *Hancock* in the bay on Saturday and slept there for the first time that night. When I called on him on Sunday morning the Judge had just "discovered" the veranda which looks out on the bay and had also learned that the area of a Spanish house has the advantage of giving any breeze full circulation through it. Dressed in the garb of the land he was the picture of good health and spirits, and frequently he would stop in the midst of the conversation and, stretching his hand out toward the bay, shimmering in the sunlight, exclaim: "Isn't that delightful?"

In other words, he was experiencing the subtle charm which the warmth, the glare and the luxuriance of the tropics exercise over the new-comer. This passes away like other first impressions; but you feel it again in retrospect when you return to a cold climate.

Thus far the Judge's attention has been taken up entirely by the first formalities of "meeting people." His manner is hearty and democratic. You have only to send in your card in order to have an audience with him. He has talked with American captains and lieutenants as well as with generals; with friars as well as with Protestant missionaries; with the newspaper correspondents and with the theorists; with the local merchants and the lawyers who long for civil government in Manila, and with the official classes who say that civil government in Manila will be impossible for a long time to come if we intend to suppress the rebellion. On Sunday morning he received the Jesuit fathers of the Observatory, and on Sunday afternoon he attended, as the guest of a native, a race track which is patronized almost entirely by natives. This has excited the risibilities of the foreign population, which considers social recognition of the Filipinos as an unpardonable error.

GENERAL MACARTHUR'S GOOD WORK

"General MacArthur has been extremely courteous," the Judge said. "I was pleased to find how much attention he had devoted to the civil side of his work. He told me that the towns of Bacoor and Imus in the province of Cavite were good examples of the success of the elective municipal governments which we are establishing. I happened to meet one of the officers in command of one of these towns, who told me that the civil government in his town at least was a failure. General MacArthur is optimistic; and I am glad that he is. You will not accomplish much unless you are. I will not admit that I am unequal to the task which the President has set for me. My position and my responsibilities make me an optimist, and I freely say that I am one. They say that it is a mistake to be conciliatory; that the native will only take advantage of your kindness and return evil for good. Even upon my short residence I am bold enough to presume that human nature is the same here as elsewhere. The native may misunderstand the motive which prompts our action at first; but if we disregard sporadic instances of disloyalty and steadily pursue a policy of conciliation, I am convinced that in the end our kindness will be rewarded. It is certain that we cannot long maintain 65,000 American troops in

these islands. The people of the United States will not stand the expense. We must organize native regiments in order to reduce the quota of white troops, and we must endeavor to bring the natives around to our side by other means than the sheer force of arms."

The Judge spoke with great earnestness and a cheerfulness that was almost defiant.

His statement that the people at home will not tolerate more troops is to us the most striking thing that he has said, and an announcement of great importance at a time when two large islands have not yet been garrisoned; when there are no troops at all to meet the call for reinforcements, amounting in all to ten regiments, from the northern and southern provinces of Luzon, Panay, Cebu, Samar and Leyte, and Mindanao and the Jolo Archipelago. For the last two months the leading theme of discussion has been as to what method Secretary Root would devise for replacing the new volunteer regiments whose enlistment expires July 1, 1901. The first question asked when you visit an outlying garrison is whether or not Congress has taken any action on this vital subject yet. The possibility of reducing the garrisoning force by the 1st of February, when we must begin sending the volunteers home, is never taken into consideration. If officers' opinions are worth anything we shall need fifty thousand troops in the islands for the next three or four years. It would be forsaking the truth to say that the Commission had found the outlook as favorable as they had expected. They are brought face to face with the wide gulf between the opinion of our people at home that the islands are pacified and the candid testimony to the contrary of the officers in the field.

THE COMING NATIVE ARMY

Buenosamino and two or three other insurgent leaders have lately signed the oath of allegiance. They have talked in an indefinite way of an organized movement to get all the insurgents to lay down their arms, while Pio del Pilar (captured last week) promises to order his following to submit to American authority. This, coming on the heels of the Commission's arrival, ought to make any body of Americans unfamiliar with the Orient hopeful. The Americans who have been here for two or three years only reply with languid cynicism that Filipino officers talked the same proposition to the old Commission and never got any further, while Pio del Pilar, like most of the generals who have fallen into our hands, is "mucho amigo" as long as he is in jail.

"We will believe in such promises," says the weary army, "when a few of the thousands of rifles which we know to be in the country are delivered into our hands."

The army is not asking so frequently What is the Commission going to do? as What can it do?

I fear that a great many officers regard it as only one of the pawns in the coming Presidential election, and before its arrival, while it junketed along the coast of Japan, they prognosticated that the limit of its formative policy would be the proclamation, in October, of opinions favorable to the Administration. Personally, I think that it is about as difficult for one man and his four associates to establish civil government in this great archipelago in its present state of rebellion as for the cleverest navigator in the world to take a liner across the Atlantic without a crew. There is no town in these islands where we have native officials of whose loyalty we are sufficiently certain to allow them even to lay taxes for cleaning the streets without the personal supervision of an American officer. There are few towns, indeed, where taxes are not being regularly collected in secret by the insurgents. How can we establish a civil administration without an administrative force of civilians? If he uses the army as the agent of his administration, if the officer who commands the troops in a town is also the civil administrator, then the commission's administration will not be civil and the officer will be serving two masters. Literally, then, Judge Taft can be at the head of nothing unless he is at the head of the army.

THE NEED OF AMERICAN COURTS OF JUSTICE

The need of civil administrators—in the opinion of many officers as well as civilians—is the pressing one of the hour. They would take over tasks which are irksome to the officer unless the officer wishes to use his position for making profit out of some private business undertaking, in which case he is certainly unworthy of the uniform he wears. Take a volunteer captain for example. Perhaps he was never outside of his own country. His whole experience with mankind is limited to that portion of Occidental civilization represented by the United States. He is blunt, straightforward, fearless in action, keen for a "scrap"—a soldier. He is scarcely off the transport before he is sent to the command of a district of twenty or thirty thousand population. His first duty is to his men. He has his ordinary garrison duties to attend to. His chief interest in communicating with the natives is to get information as to the whereabouts of the guerilla bands of his neighborhood. Whatever distinction he wins comes from his success in "hitting" the enemy. After a march in chase of the enemy he must rest. As soon as he is recuperated he starts into the field again. Now if he speaks Spanish at all it is only the few words which he has picked up or learned out of a book in crossing the Pacific. His interpreter, good or bad, is the man in his company who knows the most Spanish or the Spaniard in town who knows the most English. He

reads over to the leading citizen or perhaps to Aguinaldo's old Presidente a copy of the General Order establishing the elective municipal civil governments, and more or less leaves the rest to the Presidente—as he must. He cannot understand the people and they cannot understand him. The Filipino thinks differently than we; he proceeds quite differently upon given premises; he has even greater prejudices than we have about little matters of conduct which, after all, are the mainsprings of human action. If the officer has the inclination he has not the time to learn the language of the native and to study the native character. Even if he did there would be no reward for his pains except that he would be found so useful that the government could not spare him to go home on leave. If we could not have sent both it would have been much better to have sent out here twenty young men of high character to prepare themselves for a regular and permanent civil service under the government such as the army is than to have sent the Commission. Three or four times as many such men, the oldest of them (assigned to the higher positions) not over forty and the youngest just out of college. When this force was distributed through the islands they would settle down to become, in two or three years' time, so many skilled instruments which could not be replaced in a day while governor-generals can. They would learn the language of the people; they would know the good, the bad, the influential citizens of a district; they could play one leader off against the others; know whom to trust and not to trust; how to reward the loyal and punish the disloyal; teach the people our motives and familiarize them with our manners and prepare them for self-government. Judge Taft says that he hopes to use, as a substitute for such force, primary school teachers which he is to bring to the islands to teach the natives English. That seems to be going an unusual long way around to Robinhood's barn. It is the present generation which we have to pacify. If we are to consult the wishes of the Filipinos at all—they prefer teachers of their own race and that we teach their teachers English. That would be cheaper for them than to make brown shoulders, already overburdened with taxes, bear the additional burden of salaries for teachers from home. Finally a primary school teacher who puts in five or six hours a day tutoring the native mind is not exactly the vigorous watchful personality to keep in touch with the grown portion of the Tagalog population.

CIVIL SERVICE IN THE PHILIPPINES

From my recent talk with the Judge, I gained the impression that he did not look with disfavor upon establishing a civil service on the merit system, but he thought that it was impossible at this time to get the government to accede to its establishment. *Eventually, of course, we will have one—the time that elapses before we establish it depending entirely upon how many millions we are willing to waste in order to be convinced of the necessity of it as a matter of economy let alone justice to the natives.* There is of course one way of doing without it, and that is to grant every one of the demands which Aguinaldo originally made. Of course, Judge Taft can establish a Filipino Congress and Filipino Provincial Legislatures and practically give the Filipinos as much independence as the Transvaal had under British suzerainty. Indeed, in Manila, it is generally expected that steps will be taken toward this, or that it will be stated as being in contemplation in that forthcoming October Proclamation which is the joke of the officers' messes. The universal charge of "corruption" against the Filipino judges and officials and of blackmailing against the native police scarcely encourages the white man to invest capital in the islands until our policy is definitely formed and cannot be changed by a Presidential election.

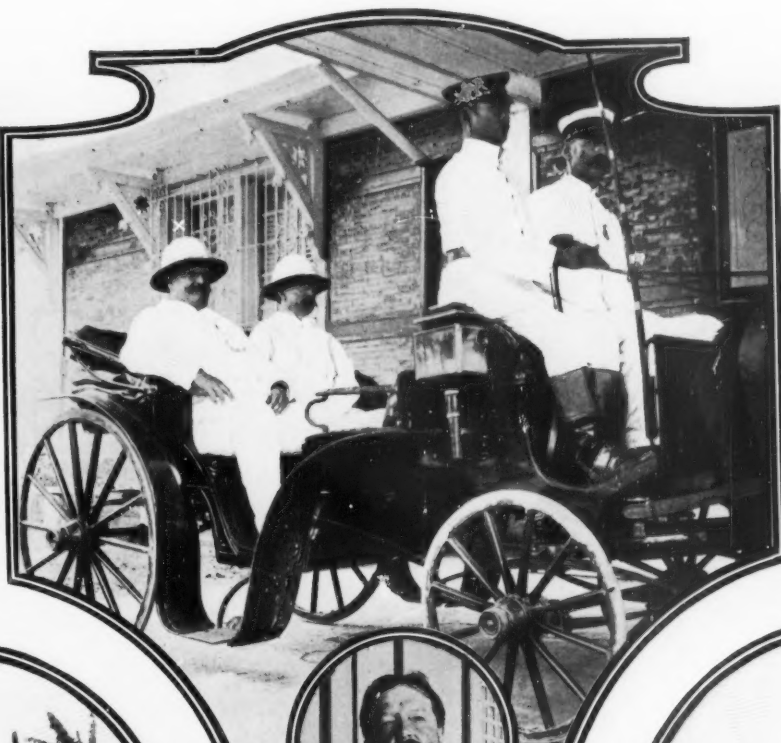
In this connection I must mention the experience of an officer of the navy recently. He suspected a house-boy of having taken a sum of money stolen from his room. He applied to a Filipino judge for a warrant to search the boy's house. The judge would not issue the warrant unless the officer brought two reliable witnesses to prove that he had possessed the money and two more witnesses who would swear that they saw the boy take it.

The staff of the military executive is a staff working with a smile instead of with the corners of the mouth drawn down; a staff which is a little surprised—when it knows that it ought not to be surprised—at the ease with which 65,000 men can be directed by a commander who knows how; a staff trembling a little at being given the responsibilities of its own province—so unused to this had it been—but delighted as a child at finding that it can walk alone.

When General Otis finally left Manila he had as much trouble as an author or a musician in getting his papers together. He was hard-working but not orderly in his methods. After a long search by his departmental heads, perhaps the document in question was found in a corner of his desk, where he had placed it when he had labored nine or ten hours without eating and his mind was too troubled with details to be clear on generic points of administration. Today, I am told, the records of the corps are in such a condition that command could be turned over the instant that word came from Washington. That is the result of General MacArthur's training in the Adjutant-General's department.



A YOUNG CEBUANI



JUDGE TAFT (*) AND GENERAL WRIGHT



NATIVE MARKET BOY



NATIVE AND AMERICAN SCOUTS



RUINS OF THE MAIN STREET



PARTIALLY DESTROYED FORT ON SUDLON MOUNTAIN



PANORAMA OF THE TOWN OF CEBU, FROM THE WATER



THE MARKET-PLACE OF CEBU, SHOWING THE CURIOUS THATCHED SHELTERS FROM THE SUN

THE CIVIL COMMISSION IN MANILA

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"I SENT FOR YOU," HE BEGAN, "TO GIVE YOU THE SACK"

TUGGENBOONAH BILL

By E. W. HORNUNG, Author of "The Amateur Cracksman," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAX F. KLEPPER

PART II



IT WAS ONLY a casual chat between two persons of opposite sexes who had drifted from Middlesex to the back-blocks of New South Wales. It was only an impulsive exchange of superficial impressions, a brief comparison of notes. It lasted but ten or fifteen minutes at the outside, the pair standing all the time, she at the dining-room door, he at that between lobby and veranda, his back

kept carefully to the light, and one boot behind the other to minimize visible dilapidations. Then the lady had to run. There was noisy trouble in the pine plantation.

A clock ticked aggressively in the dining-room; the boundary-rider peered in and marked the time. It was five-and-twenty minutes to four; beside the clock, a calendar displayed the date. It was a day and an hour for Tuggenboonah Bill to remember.

After all these years he had spoken to a lady, and the years were as a week. She had treated him as a gentleman; he must have behaved like something of the sort; but it was her behavior that mattered. Here was a girl after all these years, a girl who was a lady. And she did not see that he was one of the men.

Yet his clothes proclaimed it. He turned to the light and had a look at them. His moleskins had come from this very store; they cost half-a-sovereign, and he needed a new pair. There was no collar round his neck. The Crimean shirt was open at the throat. Now it was too late, he caught himself turning up the collar of his coat. He smiled at the instinctive folly; it was the smile of a boy.

Then he changed his mind. He looked at the clock with the idea of awaiting the young housekeeper's return. In those rags? Not he!

In the first paddock he met the buggy, with Crowther and the overseer side by side. He was walking fast, but they pulled up and stopped him.

"Been looking for me, Billy?" cried the squatter cheerily.

"Well, sir, I was."

"Nothing wrong at the Six-Mile, I hope?"

"Oh, no, we're in apple-pie order out there."

"Then it was something you wanted. What was it? You'd better jump up and come back for it."

"It was nothing of the slightest importance," said Coke, embarrassed for the first time by his employer. But the widower was all curiosity and good-nature; he seemed, indeed, a much brighter man.

"Come, out with it, Bill," said he. "Tobacco? Tea? Matches? It was worth walking six miles for, you know. Why did you walk? And why didn't you wait?"

Coke saw a sudden opportunity.

"I saw a lady," he said, "a Miss—Miss—"

"Oh, you mean Miss Evered? My new housekeeper," said the squatter gayly.

"Yes, Miss Evered." Coke was pleased with the name and with himself. "You weren't expected back till evening, so I came away."

"I know what you came for!" cried Crowther, suddenly inspired. "You came for a check. That's why you walked. Everybody's been knocking down their check since the rain; of course you want to do the same. Well, come back and you shall have your wicked way!"

Coke looked very stiff. The sneer was on his lips; he kept it there by main strength. When he spoke, it was quietly enough, and even in the other's spirit. Mr. Crowther had misjudged him. What he really wanted was some new moleskins and kindred necessities from the store. But they would keep till another day; he would prefer to push on back; and ultimately he was allowed. A mile nearer the hut he spoke to himself.

"It might have been better to own up about the check. She's pretty certain to give that away."

He did not allow for the impression he happened to have made himself. Miss Evered did not mention his name. On the other hand, she listened to some talk of him at dinner that evening, and was duly amazed to hear that he was only

one of the men. Mr. Crowther, however, added a charitable rider, upon which the tactful housekeeper made no comment. Nor had she a word to say when he proceeded to explain the base uses to which most businessmen put their checks; she merely wondered whether this one had harbored such a vile design, and, if so, why he had discarded it.

She was a modern type, this young woman who had come to keep house for a widower of middle age; none the less had she been deceived, and wilfully deceived, as to the ages of his children. The trickster was a married sister of John Crowther, and a person of influence in Melbourne. This lady had met Miss Evered, and been instantly attracted by the plucky and capable young Englishwoman, who had actually worked her passage out as travelling companion, with a view to better things at the other end. She thus obtained an infinitely better thing without the least delay. It was too good a thing to quarrel with on sentimental grounds. Though the young girls turned out to be little children, what did it matter? Ellice Evered was perfectly well able to take care of herself. She was a girl of thirty. That was the type. It is said to be as modern as electric light. It is seen to be attractive to the other sex. And so it proved in the present instance.

That shrewd lady was so very shrewd. She knew her brother, and she saw the fresh, bright, self-reliant English girl with his lonely eyes. Of the first step she made quite certain; her only fear was that the independent baggage would refuse him. The independent baggage had done so within six weeks.

It was a trying scene. But the widower had been very cunning. He had first extracted a promise that Miss Evered (whom they loved already) would not desert his children if he told her something she would probably dislike to hear; he had then—proposed. Now Ellice Evered did not dislike John Crowther at all. He was a man of peculiarly kindly disposition, patient, simple, sincere, and Ellice was quick to value such qualities. She had given him her sympathy as freely as her service. Perhaps she had been to blame. The thought distressed her; she would not give herself the benefit of the doubt. Her nature was too generous; her generosity led her into three mistakes. She could not consent; she did not love him; but she did half wonder if she ever could. And meanwhile her refusal was less emphatic than it might have been. And she stayed on.

The trouble was at its height with her when shearing time arrived; the reverse was the case with John Crowther. It was a tremendous affair for him, this first Riverina shearing. They estimated a clip of nearly ninety thousand fleeces. The wool was in grand condition. There had been no such season for years. If John Crowther chose to sell out after shearing he would have made his fortune in eleven months, for he had purchased in the last of several lean seasons. He became another man when this was brought home to him by the wool-sorter from Melbourne, who worked out the figures in black and white. This was about the middle of shearing, a daily triumph sufficiently exciting in itself, but almost intoxicating in the dazzling light of such future possibilities. The widower was like the youngest of his own children. At the shed itself he was bound to exercise self-control during the greater portion of each day; at all other times and places he was in such spirits that Ellice Evered breathed again, and allowed herself to forget what he had so obviously forgotten.

One day near the beginning she took the children to the shed. Unlike the wool-shed at some other stations, this one was in the home paddock, not half a mile from the house. It staged a stirring scene. Outside a thin yellow cloud overhung the sheep-yards, where Crowther himself was at the drafting-gate half his time; within, the overseer was in command of forty shearers, six pickers, two wool-pressers, and sundry supernumeraries, all as busy as bees and as silent as mice. One heard the swish of the shears through the wool, the click of the blades as they met, the light step of lads running with fleeces warm from the sheep, the thud of a finished bale behind the press. But there was no talking at all.

"They take quarter-of-an-hour's spell in every two," explained the overseer, who had come forward to meet the little party; "then they have tea and buns, hot from the oven, and a smoke and a pitch. They're too keen on their checks to yarn while they're at work, and we fine 'em if they swear. A pound a hundred fleeces, you know; it isn't bad pay. If you want to see it jolly well earned, come this way."

A well-groomed shearer was bending over his work, his moleskin was white as snow, his shirt as spotless as his moleskins. The sheep lay on its back, propped and pillowed against his shins. The shears flashed down the brisket, and it was like unbuttoning a waistcoat, the skin beneath showed like the whitest shirt.

"Look at that!" whispered the overseer; "there's kindness there as well as skill. Not a drop of blood; he never hurts them; and he shears his hundred fleeces a day. That's the best man on the board, Miss Evered. That's the best man in the back-blocks!"

Just then the man looked up for an instant in the direction of the whispering voice, and it was Tuggenboonah Bill. But he had removed his beard; a very good chin and jaw were shaven as clean as he was shearing his sheep; and his crisp, dark hair was scrupulously brushed and parted.

"Do you recognize him?" asked the overseer as they filed away. "I thought you wouldn't, he's come out such a dandy for the shearing. That's the chap you saw the day the boss and I were away with the buggy."

"Indeed," said Miss Evered, with great indifference. He had not recognized her; at all events he had betrayed no such recognition. She was vexed with herself for minding in the least. But the young man had interested her on the former occasion; she had often thought of him since. He appealed to her imagination. He piqued her curiosity. She wondered if they all smartened themselves up for the shearing. She forgot to look at the others until it was too late.

That evening the squatter was as full as ever of his schemes, and discussed them as freely with his overseer and the wool-sorter. He no longer spoke of selling the station, a project which had fascinated without being seriously entertained, but of doubling the stock during the ensuing year, and furthermore improving the breed of his sheep. A stud flock was the latest idea. The wool-sorter was consulted as an expert on the subject, which so excited the enthusiastic squatter that he quite forgot Ellice Evered's presence and did not even notice her withdrawal. It was a moonlight night, and Ellice enjoyed few things better than an after-dinner stroll among the moonlit pines. She was generally accompanied by Mr. Crowther. To-night she went alone, and in her wake a figure detached itself from the trunk of one of the larger pines. A quick step fell behind her, a shadow overlapped her shadow, and she turned to encounter Tuggenboonah Bill with bent head bared to the moon.

"Forgive me," he exclaimed, "This is an unwarrantable liberty—I know it—I know it."

Ellice declined to contradict him by word or look.

"I have followed you," he went on. "I make no bones about it!"

Ellice made them instead, with wide eyes, tight mouth and lifted chin.

"I've been watching my chance," cried the young man; "all these evenings I've been watching it! That's all—that's the worst," he added grimly. "I wanted to talk to you again. But I don't suppose you'll let me. Why should you, after all?"

Ellice could not help being struck by his mingled audacity and humility, his candor, his desire to have speech with her, his evident determination not to force further speech upon her. She was more than struck; she was partially disarmed. The firm little mouth maintained its forbidding contour. But the brown eyes narrowed, softened, almost smiled by themselves. And then it occurred to Ellice that he had finished with a civil question, to which a civil answer might be returned without indignity.

"That depends," said she. "What was it you wanted to talk about?"

"Home!" he said. "I've been utterly and wretchedly homesick ever since—that afternoon!"

So had Ellice; they had reminded each other of so much. But she was not in the mood for any admissions, and her silence was a little chilling.

"Of course," he added, with a bitterness half-real and half-assumed, "I'm only a shearer. But I was only boundary-rider then!"

"Talk away," replied Ellice brusquely. "Only don't say that sort of thing again."

On the veranda it was still sheep, sheep, sheep when she returned. It was sheep, sheep, sheep every night of the

shearing. Small wonder then that Ellice Evered deserted that veranda on more than one of those evenings. But at length there was an end of it all.

The last shearer had ridden away with his check; the last roustabout had tramped off with his; the last dray had departed with the last bale of Tuggeboonah wool. The shorn sheep showed for miles across the plain, very white and stark, and easy to muster. The wool-sorter had gone back to Melbourne in the coach, and John Crowther seemed lost without him in the evening. It was, however, the whole absorbing interest of the last few weeks that he really missed. The reaction depressed him, and in his depression he turned once more to Ellice Evered. Within a week he had proposed again, this time imploring her to be his wife in a scene more distressing than the last. For now Ellice gave him no hope at all, but insisted upon going away for good, and bitterly reproached herself for not having done so before.

Crowther said that she must do as she liked, feeling for the moment that they had better part; and went straight from her schoolroom to find his overseer. A light in the store indicated the overseer's whereabouts, but the squatter met him coming out, lamp in hand.

"It's the mail," he explained. "It's just come. I've put the bag on your desk."

"Go in again," said Crowther. "I want to speak to you."

There was an air of mystery about the squatter. He had not come to confide in his subordinate. He had come to discover something without telling anything at all.

"Miss Evered's in love," he began abruptly, assuming a sly tone for the nonce.

The overseer said nothing. But his downcast eyes made it obvious that the news was no news to him.

"Is it you?" cried Crowther, in a voice that went near to betraying him.

"Me, sir? Good heavens, no!"

"But you know who it is?"

"I assure you, sir, that I know nothing at all."

"Well, then, you suspect; it's all the same thing. Come, Jameson, who is it? I won't say a word. I won't do a thing. I shall be sorry to lose her; that's all. But I want to know who you've spotted as the happy man, for I'm hanged if I can spot him, though I'm convinced she's in love."

"It'll make you pretty sick, sir."

"Sick? Why should it? I tell you I shall be sorry to lose her, but that's all."

The overseer was right, however, and that was by no means all. The name was scarcely past his lips before John Crowther turned livid with rage.

"That boundary-rider? That shearer? That pound-a-week hand? I tell you, Jameson, I don't believe it! You're mistaken. I simply don't and won't believe it of her."

Jameson reminded him that he, Crowther, had been the first to take that same boundary-rider, shearer and pound-a-week hand for a gentleman in evil case. It might be that he was one. That would account for it. But theory and reminder were alike unfortunate.

"And I was the first to find out my mistake," rejoined Crowther; "and this proves it! I mean, it would prove it, if there was any proof in what you say. A fellow like that to make up to a lady under my roof; but I don't believe a word of it, Jameson; you must be laboring under some delusion, my good fellow."

"He was waiting for her in the pines ten minutes ago," said the overseer dryly. "I know the place and I've had a look. You'd better come with me and look for yourself."

"No, no, I beg your pardon. Your word should be good enough for me, after all these years! Seen them together half these evenings, have you? Very well; that's good enough, and bad enough, too, by George! You send that fellow to me, and he shall have his check to-night."

The overseer stood aghast.

"You surely aren't going to mention—"

"Of course not, my good fellow! I shall mention no names at all. Enough that I know about it, no matter how, and that he's got to roll up his swag to-night."

Alone in the store the squatter spent the interval in making up Tuggeboonah Bill's account. He kept the books himself; he had formed the habit in Victoria, had his own ways and methods, and a natural aptitude for the work. Coke was the only shearer who had not received his check, for he had expressed his intention of returning to the Six-Mile without drawing a penny. So his substantial earnings in the shed had been added to the amount already standing to his credit in the books, and the two together came to no less than seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings and twopence. It took not a minute to look up the figures, and but little longer to make out the check.

Crowther's eye then fell upon the unopened mail-bag, and to pass more minutes, impatient as he was, he broke the seals, cut the string and emptied out the letters upon the sloping desk before him. They were fewer than usual. But one that caught his eye was of uncommon and immediate interest. It was addressed to "The Manager of Tuggeboonah Station, near Wilcannia, New South Wales," but the hand seemed strangely familiar to John Crowther. He glanced behind him at the rack. The hand was identical with that upon the envelope which had remained so many months unclaimed in that rack.

Crowther opened the letter. His hand shook. Instinctively he knew that the large square envelope was big with his fate. A smaller envelope fell out first; this one was addressed, word for word, like the unclaimed letter in the rack behind. Crowther read the letter to the manager—to himself—and a

cold dew gathered on his forehead. He had not wiped it away when there was a knock at the door.

Crowther raised the sloping lid before him and swept both letters into the receptacle beneath before replying, "Come in."

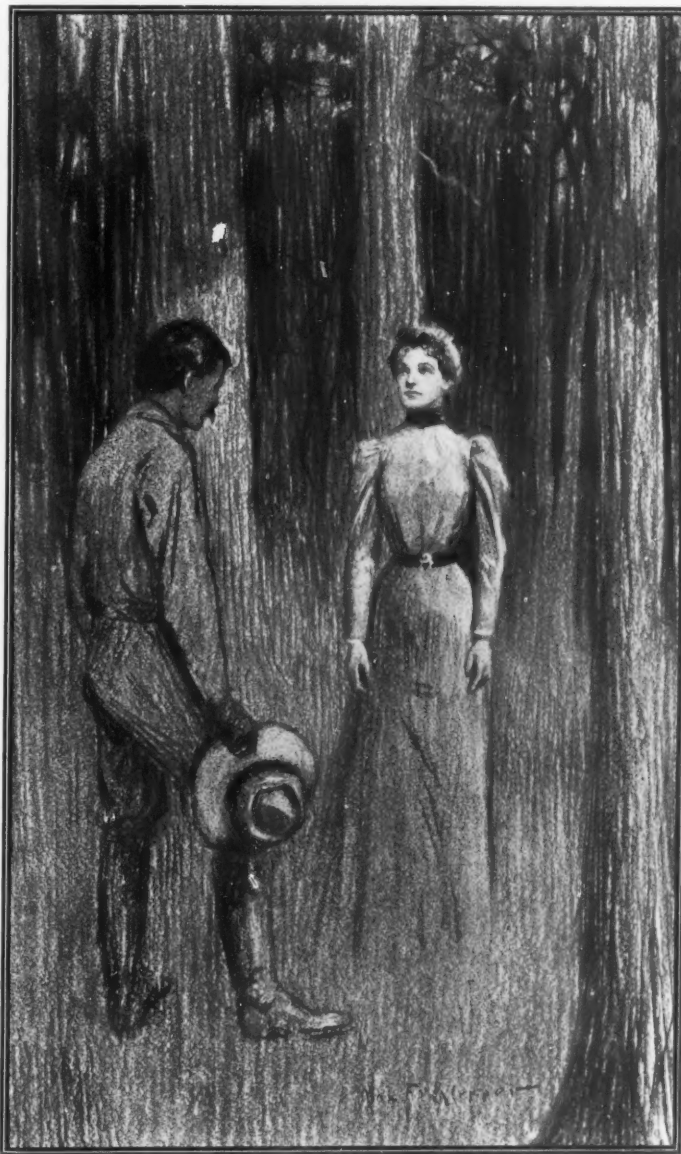
His rival, his boundary-rider, his pound-a-week hand entered accordingly, and took his stand on the other side of the desk, but awkwardly, shamefacedly, like a small boy brought to judgment in the headmaster's study. And John Crowther looked as stern as any pedagogue—as old as most. But an unshaded lamp glared between the pair, partially blinding each to the other's expression.

The squatter came straight to the point.

"I sent for you," he began, "to give you the sack—good man, tried man and valuable man as you are! There's a lady under my roof—no need to mention her name. For weeks past, under my very nose, you, my boundary-rider, have been making love to this lady, and taking it for granted that I was too blind or too busy to see what was going on!"

Crowther did not get this length without interruption; his last words were in one breath with the first outburst of a young man stung of a sudden to indignant denial.

"Not all that, Mr. Crowther!—not making love to her, if you please! You do the lady injustice, and me another. I wasn't such a blackguard as to make downright love, whatever else I may have done!"



"FORGIVE ME," HE EXCLAIMED. "THIS IS AN UNWARRANTABLE LIBERTY"

"But you've been meeting her at nights? You've been walking about these pines with her?"

"That may be. I won't deny it. But it was all my fault—listen! I threw myself upon her sympathy. I told her my—my history. I—I wasn't always as you found me, Mr. Crowther! I once thought you saw it, too. Well, I asked her to help me to reform. I was mean enough for that!"

"And why, pray?"

"Because her society was all the world to me—after all these years."

"And yet you—neither of you—fell in love?"

Coke held his tongue.

"Of course you did," averred the squatter. "Don't tell me!"

"I have not told you that," declared Coke, too earnest for a sneer. "I only told you I never made love to her. I never did. The two things are rather different, Mr. Crowther."

"And you give me your word you never—never asked her to marry you, for example?"

The younger man grinned; but it was the grin of a soul in pain.

"Me? Marry me? No, I never did that. Thank God, I never had the cheek to do that! Why, do you know what I am? Do you know who I am? I don't mind telling you, be-

cause I'm going to night. I'm glad to go. I meant to go. I was screwing up my courage to it even when you sent for me just now. I never meant to go back to the Six-Mile. But I said I'd tell you who I was—don't expect too much! I'm no great gun; only the younger son of a younger son; only a silly young fool who went a-mucker in his teens, and was sent over here to come a worse, and never forgiven from that day to this! You see that letter behind you in the rack? You remember thinking it was for me? You were right—it was!"

The squatter did not look surprised. He did not even glance behind him at the rack. He sat looking fixedly and unswervingly at the younger man, listening hard and yet hearing nothing. His two hands clinched the edge of the leathern lid of the desk before him.

The younger man was speaking quickly, eloquently; he was wound up. He was telling now of his midnight burglary, telling it with spirit and involuntary zest. The squatter, sitting where the other had sat six months before, might have been interested, thrilled, amused, indignant—anything but indifferent! Yet his attitude and his face were those of blank indifference, of crass density; all the sentient man was in those two hands of his, trying to lift the lid of that sloping desk, and trying in vain—in vain.

"And what was there in it after all?" cried the other, in indignant conclusion.

"Nothing at all but the old cold shoulder! Glad to hear of me again—I never meant they should. Glad I was earning a living, and always glad to see me back; but things were so crowded, and a bird in the hand, at et cetera. In other words, 'for God's sake stop where you are!' So I stopped. So I will stop; there are stations enough, and I know the work. So that's what it is to be the younger son of a younger son! That's what it is to go a bit to the devil before you're old enough to know better. Your own people are the first to shove you the rest of the way."

The check lay on the top of the desk under the lamp. He stepped forward and took it himself. Then he held out his hand; but it seemed to him to be refused, and he went out with an oath after all, out into the night, to collect his few belongings in the shearer's hut, and to kick the copious dust of Tuggeboonah from his feet forever.

Not till he was gone did John Crowther bring himself to raise the leathern lid of his desk, and to look once more upon the letters which he had slipped beneath it before the boundary-rider's entry. Then he read the one to himself again, and yet again. Then he, too, went out into the night.

It was late now. The overseer had retired.

Only one light showed besides the lamp which the squatter carried.

He went toward that light. It fell in a broad bar across the veranda through the open door of the schoolroom in which he had left Ellice Evered, weeping, an hour that seemed twelve hours ago.

As he came up to the door a slight sound greeted him. It was the soft and sibilant sound of a woman's anguish.

And John Crowther stood in his tracks.

The very last of the Tuggeboonah shearers was rolling up his blanket in the shearers' hut, a shore-going fore-castle of a place, which he had to himself, when a voice hailed him from the door, and there stood the boss. Next moment an unstamped letter flew and fluttered into the half-rolled blanket.

"Glad I'm in time," said Crowther. "The mail came in just before you did, but I hadn't finished sorting it then. You see, there's another for you. It came inclosed in one for me."

Coke tossed it aside.

"Thanks," said he. "I'm not going to read it, though."

"You must!"

"I know exactly what will be in it."

"I don't think you do."

"Do you?" cried Coke, reaching for the letter.

"I told you it came under cover of a letter to me. That was to make sure of it's reaching you—either it or the news."

Coke was on his feet.

"What news do you mean?"

"Read it and see," was the reply. "There is such a thing as death; there are such things

as changes in a man's life. I've had them myself; so read your letter, and, when you've read it, I think you'll see that you may—make love—to anybody you please—and as soon as you like."

But John Crowther did not wait while the letter was read.

He passed once more into the night—to wander in his paddocks until the white moon set, and the gray dawn grew, and the new day followed in a flash.

And he sold Tuggeboonah within the twelvemonth after all—at a nice little profit of ninety thousand pounds—only to sink the money in a Queensland station twice its size.

Many advised him to let well enough alone, and to "take a trip Home" for a change; but John Crowther did not realize the size of London, and had morbid visions of a painful contretemps the moment he set foot there.

It is true that the whilom stockman, with Ellice his wife, was much about town at this time, and that his new style and title offered a striking contrast to "Tuggeboonah Bill."

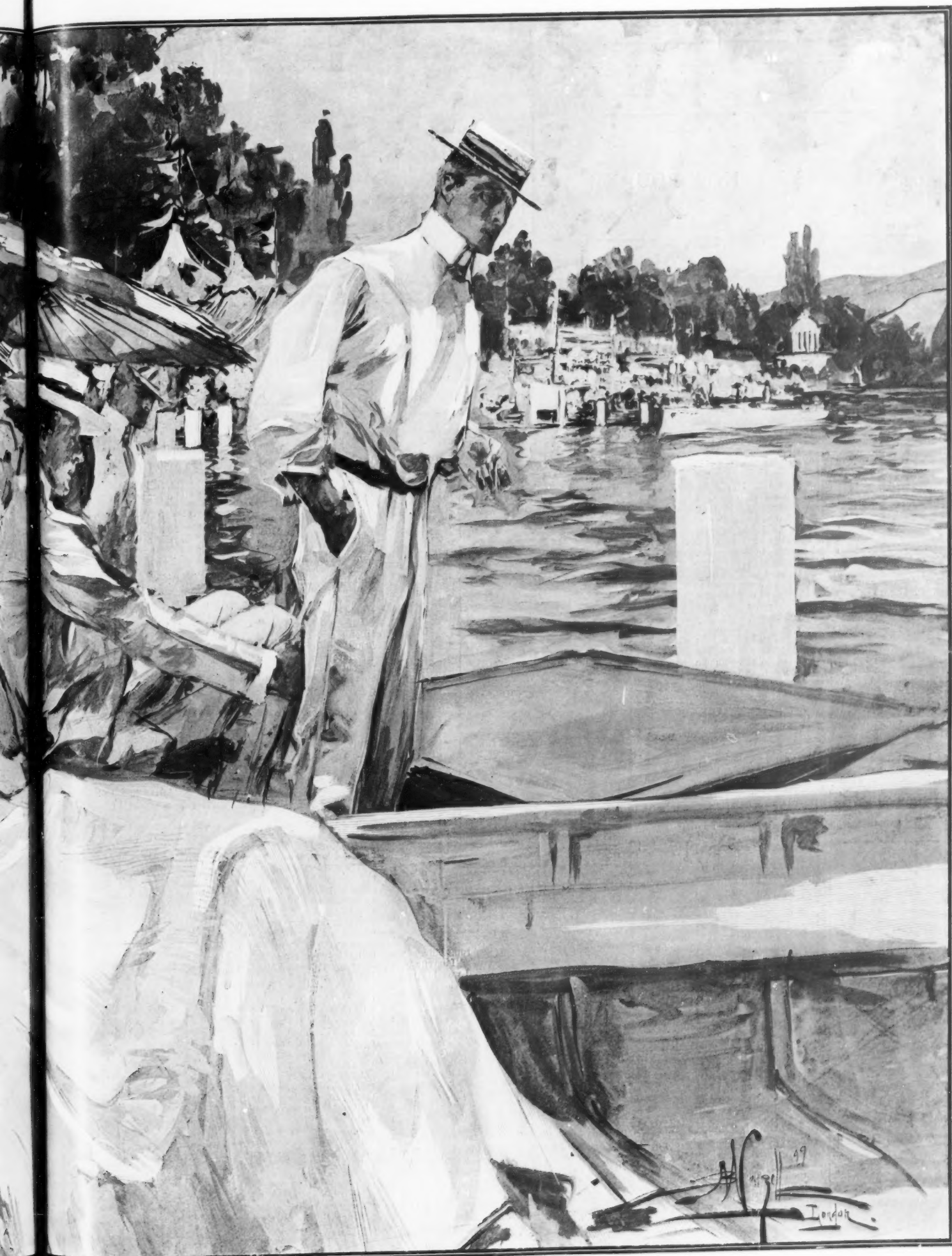
THE END



DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL

"HENLEY RE

THE FASHIONABLE EVENT OF THE ENGLISH REGATTA



Y REGATTA"

ISH B NG SEASON AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST

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MONEY TALKS

BY
CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE

Author of "The Loitering of Colonel Tarleton," etc., etc.



I WOULD BE curious to soliloquize a little. I myself am a curiosity to many people, so I will. Even a silver dollar may have had experiences.

It is the habit of autobiographers to preface their adventures with some account of their birth and parentage, and, while my adherence to this time-honored custom may seem in the nature of a superfluity in a record so insignificant as this which I am about to set out, the very triviality of the performance precludes the right to tamper with so respectable and commendable a precedent. I apologize no more, for I am out of breath. I shall try shorter sentences, after that.

Chaos fathered me. The Age of Metals formed me. I first saw the light of Christian day in the State of Colorado, through the instrumentality of an Irishman and a stick of giant powder. A smelter fused me. In a silver brick I was conveyed to the San Francisco Mint, cut into a disk, stamped with an eagle (more like a buzzard) and a lady's face, and I was carted to a bank. Then, bright as the dreams of youth, I was launched upon my career with a distinct individuality of my own, an extensive knowledge of geology, and, of course, metallurgy as well.

My real adventures began the same morning I reached the bank, which was Monday. I was idly surveying so much as I could see of life from the top of a pile of dollars, behind a wire screen, when the teller, a clean, correct, red-cravatted young man (but of good moral character), passed me out with some paper moneys to a stout man who looked somewhat dissipated.

"Glad I'm still to the right," remarked the dissipated man. "Sir," returned the teller, consulting a slip of paper, "you are now overdrawn two hundred dollars; we will carry you to five."

The stout man put me into his trousers pocket without more ado, and we left the bank together. I found a bunch of keys, a nickel, a jackknife and a bad quarter in the trousers pocket. The quarter surveyed me with a leaden stare; he was a dull fellow and said nothing to me, so I said nothing to him—like the man who met the devil. As for the nickel, though he dates from Archæan time, when water and fire messed up the earth, he was not in my class, of course, and very properly slunk into a corner.

The stout man entered a drinking place, demanded beer and tried (ineffectually) to pass the bad quarter on the bartender. Having drunk his beer and paid for it with the nickel, the stout man exchanged me for a flask of whiskey and three cigars, accepted a treat from the bartender and left the place—and that's the last I ever saw of him; however prodigal it may seem to kill a character immediately upon introducing him. But I am no liar.

My first experience in active life came to me simultaneously, you might say, with knowledge of man's duplicity to man—which may have logically resulted from the company I was forced into. There was a cash-register back of the bar. The bartender rang up five cents and threw the nickel into the drawer; then he picked me up and gazed at me with speculation in his eye. At that moment, a quietly dressed but somewhat "sporty"-looking individual, attired in a check suit, brown hat and very clean linen, who was drinking seltzer out of a long Rhine-wine glass, called out:

"Give me a dollar for some chicken-feed, Tommy!"

The bartender grinned and spun me down the bar, in company with a knowing wink, in a way that made me feel quite giddy and seasick. "Here you go, Billy!" said he,

Billy counted out a collection of dimes and nickels and handed them to Tommy, and the dispenser of liquids promptly thrust them into his pocket. Billy and I departed from the drinking-place shortly afterward and visited more bars during the course of the day, in several of which Billy matched me for other dollars and I won quite a lot of them. It was extraordinary what luck Billy had! Finally, having acquired some-



BILLY MATCHED ME FOR OTHER DOLLARS

thing like ten or a dozen dollars at one run, Billy cut a cross on my lady's face with his penknife. "I am fly with my little eye!" murmured Billy. He said I was his lucky dollar. Billy was evidently superstitious, besides being a waggish fellow.

In the afternoon—it was a beautiful, sunny day—we went over to the Palace Hotel, and sat into a little game of poker that Billy got up with some Argonauts. Billy's luck at cards was fully equal to his luck at matching. By supper-time we had won about two hundred dollars. When we went to supper (lobster, trout, jacksnipe and a bottle) he took me out, looked me over approvingly, and said he would keep me until his luck switched; which pleased me, because I was becoming quite attached to such a handsome, skilful, easy-going Chevalier d'Industrie. I had a narrow escape from the darkey waiter, but finally got safely back into Billy's watch pocket. For some reason, the watch was absent.

I have only a dim recollection of the subsequent proceedings of that night. We dallied a while around the hotel bar, and afterward entered into an alliance and took a carriage ride in company with a pretty, pink-cheeked, beautifully dressed lady, who later on sang a song in the carriage about "the daisies, too, they droop their heads." We went to the beach, and I saw the sea, for the first time since I was stratified. In my youth, serpents a mile long peopled it.

During the ride Billy recited poetry and smoked in the carriage. He was quite a fellow for poetry, was Billy.

They spent a great deal of money (Billy did) at various resorts, and, unfortunately, in a burst of confidence, Billy told the pink-cheeked lady about me, and the luck I had brought him. Unfortunately, I say, because she at once asked him for me.

I was really grieved to part with my gay Billy, though I have since learned 'tis not my lot to linger long with any one, man or womankind, except under special circumstances. I think Billy was sorry to give me away, too; but the lady with the pink cheeks coaxed and pouted so prettily that he could not find a refusal in his heart. At any time the quality in me

best understood by and most fascinating to Billy is the facility with which I can be gotten rid of.

The pink-cheeked lady slipped me into her porte-monnaie and said she should keep me always to remember Billy by. There were some curious articles in that porte-monnaie: A pawn check, a powder rag, a ring, two letters (one written in quite a maudlin style by a gentleman who said he was hers devotedly, and the other simply signed "Yours, Jack," demanding money), a newspaper clipping of a murder trial, a sample of dress goods, a door-key, and I do not now remember what all. I went back to the city in a cab with the lady very late at night, and she slept soundly all the way. Leaving the cab, on arriving at her destination, she gave me to the driver, who helped her into the house. She was very cross and seemed ill and dizzy. I was not sorry to leave her, somehow; as for my lady, I felt her turn up her aquiline nose as we drove off.

I dropped from prodigality to poverty that night. We reached home after midnight considerably, the cab-driver and I. Home was a very shabby house in a very shabby quarter. We entered quietly, on tiptoe. There was a dim light burning in the bedroom; I heard a child moaning and a woman came out—the cab-driver's wife. She was pale and haggard and ringed about the eyes.

"How is she?" asked the cab-driver.

The woman hid her face upon his shoulder and whimpered pitifully.

"There, there, Nellie—steady!" said he, petting her. "Don't cry, old girl; she'll pull through yet, with God's help."

"Have you any money, Ned?" asked the woman. He took me out of his pocket (there was nothing else there) and gave me to her. "That's all I made to-day," he said sadly.

"It will do," said the woman, drying her tears. "The doctor left a prescription and you are to get it first thing in the morning. Come in and see her."

A child was tossing upon a little white bed, burning with fever. A poor little suffering mite, with great, blue, staring eyes.

"He says there will be a change about morning, and if—if—Oh, Ned!" The woman buried her face in the bed-clothes, sobbing bitterly and silently. I felt awfully bad, on the mantelpiece.

We held melancholy vigil all night beside the little bed—Nellie and Ned and me—none of us saying a word. I know, for my part, I was quite heartsick, and would have been perfectly willing to be blown up, melted and stamped all over again, if it would benefit the little girl or help make her well. I am not the root of anything—not that, anyhow. It is the usage of my masters that molds my character.

Ned was fast asleep in a chair when the rays of the eastern sky pale the light of the lamp. Nellie was quietly moving about preparing breakfast—for it seems the poor must still eat to work, even when those dearest to them are tapping at the door of death. With daylight came the doctor. He looked closely at the little one, and then straightened up with a smile of satisfaction. He whispered a word to the woman, and she ran out into the other room and fell upon her knees, babbling and laughing and thanking God, all together. (I hear a lot of that God, and God in quantities; I wonder what it all means?) I felt a tear roll down the scarred cheek of my lady, and we were all very glad.

I had another and rather humiliating experience then. I find I am seldom scorned or refused, but that was to come. Nellie offered me to the doctor, with a few broken words of apology. The doctor put me back into her hand. "Get a chicken and make some broth for my patient," he said gruffly. "Never mind that prescription now." He went out and climbed into his buggy, and I heard him whistling as he drove down the deserted street. He was a large, fat, snuffy man, and carried with him a strong odor of stale tobacco. There is meat for satisfaction in a doctor's whistle.

Ned filled his neglected pipe and Nellie lighted it, and he took me around to the poulterer's. Balloons and soap-bubbles, how gayly that cab-driver danced along! He traded me for a fowl and some other necessities. Now, that poultry



"ONLY A DOLLAR AND TEN CENTS!" SHE SAID

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

CHINA AND PACIFIC COAST TRADE

IT WAS natural to expect that the awakening of our Pacific Coast trade with the Orient would cause some changes and regrouping of the great transcontinental railroads in order to capture the lion's share of the commerce that is bound to move westward toward the lands of the setting sun. In the competition for this new trade there will be not only a regrouping of some of the old lines, but the actual construction of new ones which will have terminals on either ocean to accommodate ship's cargoes and passengers bound around the world. Not all the advantages of the Suez Canal or the cutting through of a Panama or Nicaragua Canal can offer better facilities for handling quick freight and passengers than the American railroads. Therefore the mapping out of at least two of the new great transcontinental railroads to take advantage of our new commercial conditions on the Pacific contains much of interest and value to the whole country.

The new Orient Short Line, which in effect will be the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railroad, proposes to run from Kansas City to Topolobampo, where a steamship line will connect direct with the Orient.

The other great transcontinental railroad will take a northerly course, and will absorb some of the Canadian and American roads already constructed. The line will connect on the Pacific Coast with an Oriental line of steamers and on the Atlantic seaboard with a steamship line running to Liverpool. By means of the new route the distance between Liverpool and the western grain States is to be shortened by 800 miles. The new Milwaukee Southwestern Railroad will be a part of the system, and it will be operated in connection with the Canada Atlantic and the Great Northern Railroad of Canada. The Canada Atlantic has an outlet on Georgian Bay, and grain can be shipped from Milwaukee to this point by steamer, and from there it will go on to Quebec by rail. The route will then continue on American soil to the Pacific, but to what port it is not yet decided. This new transcontinental line has the double object of capturing more of the grain trade with our Western States and Europe, and of coming in for a share of the expanding Oriental trade of the near future.

This Oriental trade will not be long in coming, and when the new steamships building for it are completed and put in commission we may expect to see it realized. The Great Northern Railroad, which feeds the Pacific Coast with the grain and farm products of the great northwest, is adding an extensive fleet to form an outlet for its commerce with the Orient. The docks at Seattle are large enough

to accommodate large ships, but, should the Orient trade justify it, other harbors will receive the benefit of the new order of things. Within five years this railroad promises to have twenty-five steamships in the far Eastern trade. These new steamers will be of the largest size, with enormous carrying capacity, and slow of speed. Speed will not be so much an object as to be able to lay down the goods on the other side of the Pacific at the minimum cost. The Pacific Coast trade will not be for passengers for the next decade or two so much as for the products of our farms and factories. The new ocean steamers now in course of construction for the Pacific trade are all of large size, averaging from 7,000 to 10,000 gross tons. The four steamers now under way for the Hawaiian trade will have in the aggregate 26,500 gross tons, and ten others building for the Pacific trade will have 81,600 tons register. The carrying capacity of these immense steamers will be so great that in each trip to the Far East fair interest can be made on the investment.

FLY TO PIECES.

The Effect of Coffee on Highly Organized People.

"I have been a coffee user for years, and about two years ago got into a very serious condition of dyspepsia and indigestion. It seemed to me I would fly to pieces. I was so nervous that at the least noise I was distressed, and many times could not straighten myself up because of the pain.

"My physician told me I must not eat any heavy or strong food and ordered a diet, giving me some medicine. I followed directions carefully, but kept on using coffee and did not get any better. Last winter husband, who was away on business, had Postum Food Coffee served to him in the family where he boarded.

"He liked it so well that when he came home he brought some with him. We began using it and I found it most excellent. While I drank it my stomach never bothered me in the least, and I got over my nervous troubles. When the Postum was all gone we returned to coffee, then my stomach began to hurt me as before and the nervous conditions came on again.

"That showed me exactly what was the cause of the whole trouble, so I quit drinking coffee altogether and kept on using Postum Food Coffee. The old troubles left again and I have never had any trouble since." Anna Coen, Mt. Ephraim, Ohio.

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Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

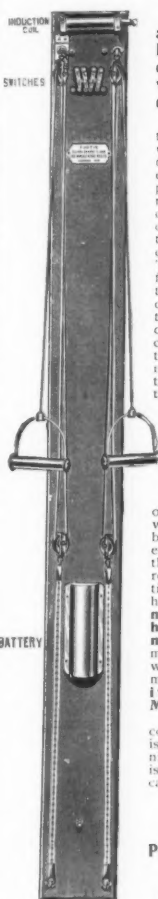


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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

Edited by

MARGARET E. SANGSTER



SOCIETY WITH A LARGE S



IT WOULD be interesting to know what idea the country at large attaches to the word Society as used by our journals. The Society with that familiar large S which heads a column of recorded junketings in our great cities, and out of whose sinuous curves peep snickering ladies and little loves with fans and wreathe. The Society which for fifteen years has been the butt of the sober outsider who likes to make jokes about the 400. The Society which is supposed to be exempt from human cares and griefs and diseases and only lives to be frivolous. You feel that such an institution must exist, because the papers say so and the world at large not only reads but devours their inane articles. You may be an obscure person yourself, but you know many belonging to the class whose every action is heralded, and they impress you as ordinary sensible people, subject to like passions with yourself, and yet, when judged through the medium of the

newspaper reports, this is the idea conveyed to you of their daily life. You gather that the Society contingent of—New York, let us say, because we happen to be familiar with New York journals—is animated with the unanimous desire to be present at every function which bears the stamp of fashion. Every day has its quota of lunches, teas, weddings, musicals, dinners, operas, theatres and balls. For the 400 the day begins fashionably late, except for the Paterfamilias, who has to be at his counting-house early enough to make the usual record in taking in gold for the family coffers; but for the 400 in general the day begins with perhaps a yellow lunch at Mrs. A's—that is to say for a great many of them—but some are left for the pink lunch at Mrs. B's—while just one or two really superior persons saunter into the Waldorf and allow Oscar to tempt their jaded palates with whatever happens to be unseasonable and expensive. Apropos of lunches I would here throw in the suggestion that during Lent violet lunches are supposed to be a courteous recognition of the season. One of the nicest things about colored lunches—the color refers to the viands, not to the guests—is that on the woman's page of all the journals you can learn just how to tie the ribbons on the cloaks and chicken legs, and tint the sweets with saffron or cochineal. Any one can please the 400 with a pink or yellow lunch if they have been careful to keep the recipes. Of course a violet repast demands the admixture of a little piety. These remarks are parenthetical.

By three o'clock our butterflies are off, bound for Mrs. C's musical. Here the chief interest is in the price the hostess has paid each performer, and those only are enjoyed who come high. Perhaps a debutante tea may offer higher attractions than the music, but the papers will give each its due; they are rarely partial.

And now comes a second break in the happy band; they cannot dine together 400 strong. They must divide into parties of twenty or fewer, usually described as a dinner of so many covers, and here huge interest is excited by details of what is worn and what is eaten and what brand of champagne finds most favor.

The enforced separation is soon over and the horseshoe of the opera house presents united Society like a lovely parterre of flowers, only more beautiful, for to the gaiety of color is added the flash of jewels, sunbursts and stars and crescents and rivieres, and all the shiny things on earth. From the opera the gay revellers drive to some enormous ball, where they dance and sup and give each other cotillion favors of rare beauty and expense, and toward daybreak, sated with pleasure and flushed with social success, they seek in their luxurious couches the repose they require before beginning another day of delight.

This is hardly an exaggeration of the impression an outsider receives from the columns of "Social Happenings" of any of our papers. The marvel is that all over the land these articles are studied, with the result that a person well known socially in New York is as much an object of interest to the farmer's wife on Long Island or the shop-keeper in Buffalo as the Duchess of Marlborough would be to the English public. It must mean that our people have too little gaiety in their lives—especially in our villages and small cities—and these highly-colored accounts of fashionable doings appeal to their romantic feelings, just as fairy tales delight children. From our Puritan ancestry we have inherited a distrust of pleasure and a respect for sober living which gains in intensity the further we are removed from the great cities, but the distrust is with the middle aged and old; the young would like to taste what is forbidden, and to pass judgment thereon. If fun is denied to them, they like to read about the amusements of others. I can think of no other reason for an interest in these monotonous records.

I can recall many years of my life as a child, spent in a small New Jersey town where the head of the family was a Presbyterian clergyman, dignified, holy, beautiful in life and character; but the teaching here severely on the craving I felt for amusement. We were told that dancing, theatres, cards, etc., were perils we were to avoid, if not wrong in themselves, dangerous in their tendencies; and yet now and then a companion returned from a visit to New York and confided tales of dances and plays and even worse, a game of cards with prizes, and we looked that she should have swollen or fallen down dead suddenly, as the barbarians of Melita looked at the serpent-bitten apostle; but when we had looked a great while and saw no harm come to her, we began to long for such experiments ourselves with a zest which brought about its own fulfillment. I am sure at that time I should have read the Society articles with avidity had such things found a place in the newspapers of the day. Perhaps my experience is the experience of many.

IS "SOCIETY" FRIVOLOUS?

How much reality is there in the accusation of frivolity brought against Society people? I use the words "Society people" with apologies to the class so designated, but it exactly defines the feelings of the outsiders in regard to them. You would suppose this thing they call Society was some monster theatre like Keith's, where a continual performance was going on, and to enjoy which the only requisite was money enough to pay the entrance fee and few enough brains to enjoy the variety show. No account is taken—in judging the unfortunates of the leisure class—of birth and inheritance, nor of the training which comes, willy-nilly, from belonging to a family which for many years has occupied a prominent position. No, if they live in a certain style they must bear the brand of the 400 in their foreheads.

They never can be simply hospitable, they must always entertain; if they gather a few friends about them in the country they are described as having a "house-party"; if they flee from the town and find health and pleasure in an out-door life, their prowess in the hunting or golf fields is promptly reported, and, what is most uninteresting, forced upon public notice through no fault of theirs.

Publicity has truly become the scourge of the rich—singing enough, Heaven knows, in times of prosperity, but when illness and death, quarrels and disgrace have set their mark upon a family, how the victims must writhe under the lash of the newspaper articles. They ought to get a great deal out of their amusements, these poor rich, to make up for the suffering and absurdity of the rôle forced upon them.

Perhaps in defending the modest plutocrats, or the retiring aristocrats, or the plain society-cats, I have been led too far in my denials, almost intimating that no such thing as society exists. As long as man remains gregarious and hospitality is esteemed a virtue, people will find pleasure in meeting together—and that constitutes society. Feasting, music and dancing have always been the expression of light hearts making merry, and a light heart is of good things the best. So do not let us undervalue even conventional festivities.

The same spirit animates your lovely eighteen-year-old daughter, fluttering to her first ball under the maternal wing, and your rosy-cheeked housemaid surreptitiously sneaking to the Hibernal Temperance Fireman's Hop with her best young man. The young love gaiety and the old like to see them happy, and, as Paddy says, "Why wouldn't they?" But to believe that people can make a lifelong occupation of such amusements is absurd. Their brains and their hearts must be sadly starved organs to drive their interests into such artificial channels.

"SOCIETY" OUT OF DOORS

The trouble with our ultra-fashionable set is that they are too indifferent to the claims of general society. They do not permit themselves to be bored with it. Dinners among intimates, and perhaps a few small and very exclusive dances, the theatre occasionally, and the opera always—for they love music—will cover the winter diversions of the smart set. Their season begins late in December and finishes before March, and the boarded doors and windows of their town houses bear witness for nearly ten months of the year to the absence of the owners. Sometimes it is golf at Aiken—sometimes hunting in Ireland—sometimes yachting in the Mediterranean which prompts the March exodus. Then when the same people are back at Newport, it is not the gay Newport of old times with its formal visiting and entertaining—it is a Newport of flannels and short skirts for all kinds of out-of-door exercise, of bathing dresses and riding habits. Who can stand a ballroom in summer when a healthy tired body is demanding long hours of refreshing sleep?

It is therefore fair to conclude that this is not the only class which the newspapers write about—they do not furnish enough data. There is something much more general which is called Society, and it ought to be possible to determine what elements compose it. I think it is ever changing. Families emerge from retirement as their children grow up, feeling it a duty they owe to the young to let them see something of the world, and, after a few years, drop out again. It has been a pleasant episode in middle life and has recalled their own youths, but as their girls marry and their boys take care of themselves, the parents are glad once more to take up their usual habits and be freed from the strain of late hours. The young married people keep up an interest for a little while, and then they follow the example of their parents.

There is something almost solemn in the attitude of these old-fashioned families to Society. When once they have decided to take the plunge they wish their children to have the full benefit of the sacrifice. They join all the subscription balls, and conscientiously go to every "at home"; they welcome every name found in their mother's visiting list half a century ago and look with distrust upon recent additions, and as the recent additions are usually the smart people and have the money bags, and would not for the world be bored with the old-fashioned contingent, there is between them a deep gulf fixed.



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WHEATLET
THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD. Best for Children and Invalids. Sold by grocers everywhere.
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This gulf is well understood by the smart people and only suspected by the puzzle-headed sort of way by the old aristocracy (let us say); for who could dare on the strength of a half dozen newly-made millions to flout good old New York families whose ancestors hunted their pigs out of Peter Stuyvesant's garden! Don't mind it, my old friends, if you do find it out, because you are really the nicest and the kindest, and the newspapers will let you alone as soon as your Beauty is married and your Palace has gone to sleep again, and you ought not to care if they do think you frivolous, for it is such a tremendous joke to us who know you. ELIZABETH DIER.

COUNTRY BOYS

Few country boys look forward to spending their lives on the farm. Talk to that clever, shock-headed youth with the freckled face and the honest eyes, and he will tell you that as soon as ever he can he means to strike out for the city where a fellow will have a chance. The homely pastoral life, the idyllic procession of the seasons, the simplicity and quiet of rural scenes have no compelling charm for him; he wants to get away. And, in truth, unless one lives it, there is a dark side to farm life—a side harsh, rough and repellent. For one thing, it is terribly monotonous. The work is never-ending. Money comes in slowly, and the country boy is more impressed with this fact than with the fact that on the farm much money is not needed. If grinding poverty, the stern pressure of debt, the distress of a mortgage have been the lot of the family, the boy associates the homestead with anxiety, with fear, with an iron repression and self-denial, and probably he feels that he can help his people far better by leaving than by staying with them. Whatever be the reason, the life beyond the familiar hills beckons the boy and gives him no peace until he obeys. In the Philippines, in China, in Cuba to-day, the rank and file of our blue-coated armies contains many boys from the farm, boys who make good soldiers, boys who will be heroes if occasion offers.

But the father, with the bowed head and the bent shoulders, working early and late in his faded suit of butternut brown, the mother with her care-lined face and scanty gray hair, and her gingham gown hanging in straight folds, how they miss the boy who has gone, how wistfully they wait for letters, how lonely they are.

PENS, INK AND PAPER

CHARACTER is supposed to be revealed by handwriting, but the character of most script is very dependent on the style of pen which the writer prefers. A stub gives a more decided and candid air to a page than is possible with a fine needle-pointed pen, and if there lingers in the world any old-fashioned person who uses the quill of her grandmother, then is her writing bold, free and most quaintly individual. Paper should be white, moderately thick, and unruled, and the gentleman is studious to avoid eccentricities of size and shape. Her monogram, or the name of her residence, or her street and number may be engraved at the top of her sheet, if she be English, in a large and challenging style; if she be American, in a modest and dainty mode. Ink must always be black, and writing consequently legible. Nobody with the least claim to be regarded as aware of good form ever uses pale ink, and colored inks are ruled out as signs of eccentricity.

May we not trust that it is a false alarm which sounds along the line that criminality is again coming into vogue? Elderly ladies who wore hoops in the days of the Civil War remember how clumsy and awkward were those absurd constructions, how difficult they were to manage, and how sadly they eclipsed grace of bearing and a fine figure. Recently, hoops have been occasionally seen on the stage, an object-lesson to all beholders of the despotism of fashion as shown in Trelawney. Women will endure many changes with complacency, but most of them seriously object to being arrayed in hoops.

THE SURPRISE-VISIT

"I WOULD not take my own mother by surprise," said a lady, talking of a visit to her old home which she was about to make. "One can never tell in what circumstances a family may be placed, nor how much embarrassment may be caused by an unforeseen irruption of guests. A few lines beforehand, or at least a telegram, should be sent to prepare the way for an arriving guest, so that she may be assured of her welcome." To this may be added the very courteous suggestion that visits ought not to be indefinite. When sending an invitation, or when, as is often done when kinsfolk and intimate friends are making plans, asking for one, let the precise time of the intended stay be indicated. This clears the track for other engagements, and leaves a margin, if desirable, for a prolongation of the visit's term. Surprises may find one member of a family down with a fever, another embarking for Europe, and another plunged in a whirlpool of work which cannot be given up for play, however attractive the latter may be.

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SHEATHING IN THE NAVY

THE SHEATHING of ships of war has become a naval controversy. Why there should be naval controversies instead of mere differences of opinion among the experts is not appreciated by people outside the service, but they nevertheless exist, perhaps for no wiser reason than the excitement afforded by professional antagonism and the individual independence which seems to be associated with contrary technical view. The sessions of the board on construction—composed of five bureau chiefs of the Navy Department acting as advisers to the Secretary in matters of construction and equipment—are characterized sometimes by the bitterest dissensions, although the members probably do not depart from the external evidence of dignity which is the substantial attribute of the naval officer in authority. The habitual divisions of the board on construction suggest the familiar likeness of the eleven jurors, for four of the members—and always the same four—are arrayed against one whose minority views are, however, sometimes sustained in the departmental action to which the board's reports are subjected finally. The approval of the board's recommendations is not necessarily based on a majority opinion, and this circumstance leads the outsider to wonder why the Secretary of the Navy does not settle all technical matters for himself with such individual advice as he may require and without the intervention of a board whose opposing opinions must confuse, without always enlightening, him.

The question of sheathing ships of war is an old one, first presented to the technical branch of the navy by the present chief constructor, Rear-Admiral Philip Hichborn, then a naval constructor on duty in the Navy Department. It was found that steel hulls required frequent docking and cleaning in order to preserve the metal from deterioration and to enable them to maintain their speed. The accumulated submarine vegetation on the submerged hull of a steel vessel has decreased the speed of a ship one-half, which she is able to make only by consuming the quantity of fuel required for her regular speed. A clean hull, therefore, seemed the solution of the problem of speed maintenance, a quality upon which depends the strategic value of a war vessel. There was economy, too, it was represented, in sheathing ships, since vessels so equipped would not require such constant and expensive docking as ships unsheathed. This and other considerations led the naval board on construction to recommend to the last Congress the requirement that three battleships and three armored cruisers, authorized in the then naval appropriation bill, should be sheathed. Much smaller vessels had been similarly equipped with very satisfactory results.

It is surprising, therefore, to find the naval board on construction in the position of chief critic of the proposition of sheathing those same ships. As might be expected, the four members who signed the majority report are discovered in opposition to the chief constructor who submits a vigorous defence of his hobby. The objections to sheathing, at least to sheathing the big ships, as disclosed by the opponents of the system, include the following: increased first cost, which, in the case of the six ships, is placed at \$1,569,000 extra expense; difficulty in construction and the inexperience of shipbuilders; expense and difficulty of making repairs in case of injury to the underwater body; the greater risk of injury to the submerged hull if the sheathing be not done in the best manner; the additional weight of the sheathing, a tonnage which could be used to better purpose for fuel, armor, ammunition or armament; increased volume and weight to drive through the water, requiring consequently greater horse-power and demanding greater coal consumption; the difficulty in getting material of the required quality, the best adapted being East India teak, which does not grow in this country; the difficulty in properly attaching the sheathing to the hard-faced armor of the main belt and the chance of lessening the efficiency of the armor by the application of the sheathing.

There is, as might be supposed, an answer to these eight principal objections to sheathing. The difficulties of construction, the inexperience of shipbuilders, the expense of making repairs and the likelihood of injury to the underwater body where the sheathing is not applied properly need not be considered as important. Difficulties of construction are overcome by experience, and the probability of injury presumes inferior and careless workmanship. The additional weight of sheathing amounts, in the case of a battleship, to something like five hundred tons, and while this might be used with great effect in additions to the driving power, to the battery and to the protective feature, none of these count for much when a ship loses one-half of her speed merely through the impediment of submarine growth on the hull. Rear-Admiral Hichborn points out that long leaf Georgia pine is as good, if not better, than East India teak for sheathing purposes.

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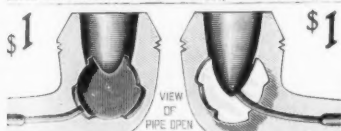
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sheathed ship count for little where the speed is sacrificed or is only maintained by frequent docking, which, of course, is not possible in time of war. There are many able advocates, however, of the unsheathed ship, among them a no less conservative and experienced officer than Rear-Admiral Sampson. The question is by no means settled by the reference of the whole matter with technical reports, of clashing opinion, to Congress. Those in favor of sheathing promise additional documents and more forcible arguments for their cause, and the subject is destined to be one which will enlist the ablest technical opinion in the navy. The immediate effect of the present incident is the further delay in designing the battleships; the chief characteristics have not yet been determined, although authorized a year ago.

JOHN EDWARD JENKS.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA AT A MANDARIN'S HOUSE

AT A RECEPTION given in 1898 by the highest provincial and city officials of Shanghai in honor of Prince Henry of Prussia, the chief magistrate extended through me an invitation to several American ladies, mostly wives of naval officers stationed in the East, to visit his family. The ladies were delighted with this opportunity to see a Mandarin home, and accepted. When the reception took place, they were carried in chairs through the Chinese city to the palace called Magistrate's Yamen, where the whole company, composed of eight ladies and a number of gentlemen, mostly officers of the *Monarchy*, were most hospitably received by the chief magistrate. The company was taken into the reception-room, which contained only a number of ebony chairs and tables and an opium sofa. Tea was served in peculiar Chinese cups and polite questions were exchanged between the Mandarin and his callers. In the meantime the ladies had sent their red Chinese visiting cards, specially prepared for the occasion, to the family of the magistrate, who now awaited them. We consequently left the reception-room and went to another section of this large official building. We came through the middle door, or door of honor, into a small courtyard which adjoined the private residence of the Mandarin. It was a neat little Chinese mansion composed of three front rooms, one of which was to the left, being the Mandarin's private apartment, one to the right, the women's apartment; and the third compartment lay in the centre and was connected with the small courtyard and with the adjoining rooms on the right and left. The centre room was prettily decorated for the occasion. A large table was covered with all kinds of Chinese sweets and pastries; the wife and mother of the Mandarin as well as the children were expecting the foreign ladies and took them to their rooms. The conversation among the ladies was somewhat difficult, as they had no interpreter. I had to serve as one from the centre room where I also interpreted for the Mandarin and his gentlemen guests. After we had amused ourselves and been entertained a good long hour we sat down at the table, headed by the chief magistrate. The ladies of the house remained at the door of their room and looked curiously at the entertainment going on at the table. The Chinese ladies did not sit down, it being a violation of etiquette for them to join a company of gentlemen at table, a privilege, however, accorded to the foreign ladies. We were served with tea and champagne, which latter was not cooled, as the Chinese do not indulge in cold drinks in summer. They drink hot tea as the most healthful beverage. After the entertainment the whole company returned to the Model Settlement on the Whangpoo River. We were all delighted with the unique reception of the Mandarin and his family.

"SQUEEZING"

ANOTHER characteristic of the Sons of Han, as the Chinese call themselves, is their habit of "squeezing." This is a transgression which the victims call theft, while those who derive the profit consider it legitimate gain. Wherever and whenever a Chinaman finds occasion, he will try to get the better of you by overcharging or giving you wrong weight, etc. The foreigners in the East have adopted the name "squeeze" for all kinds of mean peculation. The squeezing is practiced by servants (commonly known as "boys") as well as by merchants and particularly by mandarins. Chester Holcombe, who for many years was Secretary and Acting United States Minister in Peking, gives a good example of "squeezing" in his work, "The Real Chinaman." He says that a certain mandarin had to pay an indemnity for damages inflicted upon American citizens by the populace. A quantity of silver was delivered at the Legation, but was found short in weight and fineness. In consequence of this the money was returned and vigorous complaints were made to the magistrate. The mandarin thereupon sent a new load of silver, which was found to be correct in quality and weight. The official, in delivering the exact amount of the indemnity, affirmed that he did not think the American authorities able to verify the weight of the silver. He was astonished at the smartness of the Americans who objected to such a squeeze.

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WHEELING IN FRANCE

THE FIRST striking difference that you find in the roads, on coming over to France from England with your bicycle, is their straightness. An English road through the country never by any accident was built in the shortest line between two places. A wheelman we met in Cambridge remarked that the highways merely "happened," like the streets in London, which wander about like a garden maze, changing their names on the slightest provocation, sometimes twice in one block.

French roads are usually very direct, exceedingly well made and cared for. The roadway is divided off into distances easily manageable by one man. Thus each canton or section is marked off by a numbered stone, and kept in repair by the cantonnier, who, like everybody else in this country of uniforms, wears a gold lettered cap. Heaps of lime or sand stone are dumped along the way at intervals, and we often passed the cantonnier with his wide-brimmed hat and goggles, hammering away to make the rocks as small as possible, so that when the steam-crusher came his way the surfacing material would be ready.

In riding through the provinces in France, the water-drinking American will have a hard time to get his native beverage. A Frenchman will tell you that water is only made to wash in and never on any account to drink. They think it poisonous and certain to make them ill; Not that they do not have plenty of water. For in every town or city, and in most of the villages, there are iron water taps at the street corners, much like our fire-plugs, where the people come with tall pitchers and jugs to draw the household supply. And it is here or at the village pump that the wheelman must expect to get his fill of "Adam's ale."

For the purpose we found a good collapsible tin cup most serviceable. If you try to borrow a glass to get a drink of water, the expression of shocked surprise at the suggestion changes to one of pain when you insist and deliberately swallow several cupfuls before their eyes. Each province has its special drink. In Normandy they always serve you cider, which they make in great quantities and preserve from one season to another by some native method. Wine, however, is to be found all over France, north and south, being commonly used at all the meals and drunk diluted with a little water. As eating and drinking regularly are two extremely important duties of the touring cyclist, we managed to ride very comfortably in the morning, on a good breakfast of café au lait and bread. That sounds rather thin to start on, but it is all you can get at the early dejeuner, except perhaps eggs in the provinces. French bread is served in long loaves, is universally excellent, and consumed by the yard. It certainly fulfils all the sayings about its being a "staff of life"; for bread forms a large part of every meal. Our noon lunch was usually taken in some roadside auberge or wine shop, where, in the cool, brick-paved kitchen, we ate our portion of bread and cheese, with the keeper's family or some of the peasant habitués. But the meal of the day is the table d'hôte dinner served at seven or a half-hour later in the evening, at all the hotels, great or small. At this feast, the art of French cooking is displayed in its perfection, and you have plenty of time to enjoy the lengthy courses, without a sense of losing time, which a long midday meal suggests.

During the summer months in France, the very slight amount of rain hardly makes it necessary to have your wheel equipped with mud guards. We had occasion to wear our water-proof capes only twice in three weeks, when caught in showers along the road. The surface of macadam always dries quickly, owing to the fine drainage, and many of the avenues of trees are trimmed over the roadway, so that the sun can reach it quickly after a rain. Strong head winds are to be encountered at all seasons. From the north and west, gales blow sometimes steadily for days, making any progress a wheel the hardest kind of work.

It was not until we reached the Loire valley that the extreme need of those eye-protectors worn by automobilists was realized. Riding along by the low river meadows in the afternoon or evening, the air was filled with clouds of gnats and sand-flies. Not only did they powder our coats and hair like white dust, but got into the eyes so thickly that we had either to ride it blind or walk.

The French automobilist, next to the Paris cab-driver, the most reckless companion of the highway we met in the country. Incensed in a leather suit and wearing round goggles and a gauze wire mask, he has the appearance of a man in a diving-bell or some strange beast from Mars. The rattle of his great lumbering bath-tub is a sign to clear the road. They always run at full speed, up and down hills and round corners, sometimes failing to sound their horn. Indeed, one of us was nearly run down just outside Paris, where a machine came flying around a garden wall at the bottom of a hill; but was out of sight again before we could make a complaint for his giving no signal. Unlike the sober colors used in America, the French automobiles of excursionists are painted white, red or pale blue, to suit the holiday fancy of the owner. Many of them are rigged with flags, as gayly as a yacht.

In riding through the country we were never asked to show the permits, good for three months, that all cyclists receive on landing with their machines. These papers, dated on the day of your arrival, are very necessary, as all bicycles in the country over the allotted three months are subject to the annual tax of six francs. The police, also, never lose sight of your existence. For in three different towns we were asked to fill out blanks, answering all the imaginable questions that could possibly interest the department of law and order. Otherwise, our passage through town and country was never hindered in the least. Courteous in giving you directions on the road or about a city, the Frenchman is always polite and anxious to aid the traveller. An extensive knowledge of the French language, as a preparation to touring through the country, is not at all indispensable. The principal questions concerning food and lodging and the numbers from one to ten are all that are absolutely necessary. L. S. W.



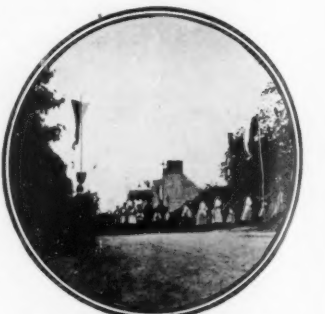
STONE EMBANKMENT NEAR THE LOIRE



OLD CHATEAU TOWER, FOUGERES



A FETE DAY IN BRITTANY

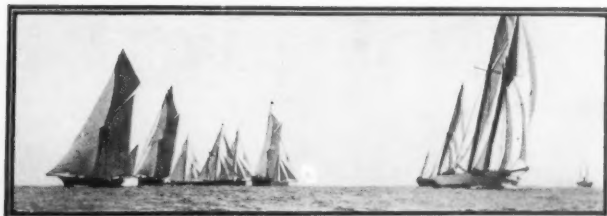


A CHURCH PROCESSION IN A BRITTANY VILLAGE

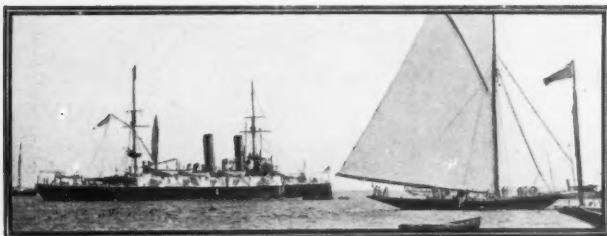
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN CRIBB



"GERTRUDE"



START OF THE RACE FOR THE EMPEROR'S CUP



H.M.S. "AUSTRALIA" AT THE REGATTA



"METEOR"



"SATANITA"



"SYBARITA," WINNER OF THE COWES TOWN CUP



"BRITANNIA"

THE REGATTA OF THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB, HELD AT COWES DURING THE WEEK BEGINNING AUGUST 6

THE COWES REGATTA

THE annual yacht races at Cowes are usually hailed as one of the events of England's summer season. This year, however, owing to the preoccupations of the British nobility in South Africa and China, it has been an "absent-minded" season. The first day was given over to handicap races, open to all yachts measuring from 45 to 153 tons. This meant that the limit boat got so long-winded a time allowance as one hour and a quarter. Five handicap contests were thus raced under unusually distressing weather conditions.

The second day opened with glorious weather. Emperor William's yawl *Meteor* and Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's *Satanita* raced for the Queen's cup. *Satanita* won on time allowance after an exciting contest. Wednesday's sailing was confined to the long run for the Emperor's cup. In this race *Clara* led throughout the light flukes and calms at Lymington Spit and off the Bullock Patch, but was beaten in the end by *Columbine*. Second and third place were won by *Erycina* and *Cicely*. The races set for Thursday had to be sailed under torrents of rain. The contest for the Cowes cup proved disappointing, since *Khama*, the only contestant against *Sybarita*, dropped out after one turn over the Queen's course. The finish of the cruisers' race for the squadron prize was equally unsatisfactory. *Maid Marion*, *Namara*, *Caress* and *Columbine* gave up when the wind came to blow at half a gale, leaving *Nordwest* and *Clara* to fight it out between themselves. *Clara* won on time allowance, though she came in astern of *Nordwest*. This ended Cowes Week for this year.

GOLF AT SHINNECOCK
AUG. 28-SEP. 1

THE Woman's Championship at the Shinnecock Hills Club was the most interesting woman's meeting that has been held in this country, and the extent to which interest in this tournament has gone gives some idea of the great hold the game is securing upon the general community. The fact that golf is no longer a fad confined to a few, as it was two or three years ago, is indelibly impressed upon any one who takes any train upon any line which this month brings back to town city people returning from summer outings. The corner of nearly every seat has a golf bag and clubs stuck up in it, and the farmer has found the use to which abandoned or unproductive land can be put.

But to return to Shinnecock. From the practice before the first day of the tournament, and from the general talk which was circulated, one was impressed with a feeling that Miss Hoyt might not be up to her game, or would be rattled when the first day of play came. But the first day's play showed pretty conclusively that Miss Hoyt, even if she has been defeated in the last year, has by no means dropped into the position of a non-dangerous opponent.

But it was not until Wednesday that things began to get really interesting. Then came the time when favorites were being drawn against favorites, and the friends of each could not see how the other could possibly win. The principal upset of the day was the defeat of Miss Underhill at the hands of Mrs. Pendleton Rogers of Plainfield, N. J. The score by which she defeated Miss Underhill was not as good as several of the others made that day, but she played enough better

than Miss Underhill to win the match, and that is really the test. Miss Underhill's putting was weak, and it was that at the very end which finally defeated her after she had been playing a most excellent uphill game, being two down at the turn.

Miss Hoyt's victory over Miss Parrish, her clubmate, was a hollow one, but her score was a pleasing 49 going out. This looked very strong going against the scores of the other winners of Wednesday, save that of Mrs. Fox, who, playing like a machine, went out in two better, making a 47 and breaking the heart of her opponent, Miss Livingstone, who was playing a first class game, especially up to the eighth hole, which she reached in 55, one stroke better than Miss Hoyt's own. Miss Hecker was too strong for Miss Wickham, and Miss Griscom put out Mrs. Manice. Miss Terry beat Miss Curtis, but Miss Margaret Curtis defeated Mrs. Cochrane, and Miss Keyes put out the Merion representative, Miss Toulmin. In the Consolation Handicap, Miss Goffe of Point Judith made the excellent score of 51 out and 52 in, and in addition to this had a handicap of 18, which was unnecessary.



CLUB HOUSE OF THE SHINNECOCK GOLF CLUB

Thursday's golfing added still more to the interest that was shown at Southampton in the matches. Every one was on edge for the match between Miss Hoyt and Mrs. Fox. It will be remembered that Mrs. Fox defeated Miss Hoyt last year. This time Miss Hoyt turned the tables on her opponent, not without the very hardest kind of a match. Both were more or less nervous, and going out neither played up to her usual form, but coming in Miss Hoyt settled down to it and finally won out the match on the home hole, getting on the green in 2 and winning in 4 to 5.

Mrs. Pendleton Rogers, whose career has been watched with especial interest, was not as strong as in the early days; and Miss Griscom, who played a thoroughly steady and effective game, put her out of the contest by 4 up and 2 to play. Miss Margaret Curtis played even a better game than that of Miss Griscom, defeating Miss Keyes by 4 up and 3 to play. Miss Curtis was strong with her wooden club, although at times missing with her irons. Miss Terry won a most brilliant triumph by beating out Miss Hecker, the Metropolitan champion.

On Friday came two of the most interesting matches ever seen in any meeting, either men's or women's, held on this

side of the water. In both it took extra holes to settle the issue, and every one of the four women stood up nobly under the severe nervous strain, playing most creditable games. Miss Beatrix Hoyt was paired with Miss Margaret Curtis, a girl of sixteen, whose only experience in championships had been once in '97, when at Manchester-by-the-Sea Miss Hoyt defeated her by a big score, and again at Ardsley in '98, when she dropped out early. Miss Curtis went out in 51 and Miss Hoyt in 52; but coming in Miss Hoyt settled down to her game and made the remarkable score of 43, by four strokes the best of the tournament. At the fifth hole coming in, Miss Hoyt was 3 down with 4 to go. On the last three holes she played simply unbeatable golf. On five of the holes coming Miss Hoyt made 5, on three 4, and one 6. The nineteenth hole was halved in 5. The twentieth hole both got into the bunker on their brassy shots, Miss Curtis having the luck to be near the slice through the bunker, while Miss Hoyt had to pitch out, and this one stroke lost Miss Hoyt the match, Miss Curtis getting out in 5 and Miss Hoyt in 6.

The other match, between Miss Terry and Miss Griscom, was almost equally exciting. Both went out in 51, Miss Griscom coming home in 48 and Miss Terry in 46. But for all that the match was halved. Miss Terry tied Miss Griscom, who was dormie 2 at the sixteenth, by making the last two holes in 4 each. On the nineteenth Miss Griscom got off a beautiful drive, and although Miss Terry's was not nearly as good, she succeeded in reaching the green on 3. Miss Griscom had, however, made it on her second and holed out in 4 to Miss Terry's 5.

When the finals came, in spite of the fact that much of the tournament had shown the value of youthful nerve and suppleness of muscle, it was the veteran and cool, steady play that won. Miss Griscom deserved her victory in every sense—not only from her play in this tournament, but also from her past record. But the match might have been far closer had Miss Curtis kept up to her form of the earlier days. She had been nerved up too much, probably by the over-generous advice of her friends, and the consequence was she played her very poorest a good part of the time. Both contestants scratched the green on their second shots, but Miss Curtis holed down a fifteen-foot put with an easy nonchalance that would drive a man mad. The final score, however, was 6 up and 4 to play in favor of Miss Griscom.

NEWPORT GOLF TOURNAMENT

The Newport open tournament is always a most interesting feature and there are generally plenty of surprises. This year Hartman fell by the wayside early, but the principal surprise came on Thursday, when Crossfield of Hoylake—the Englishman who had been making such a good showing and who is so well accredited across the water for his short game—fell a victim to Richardson 3 up and 1 to play.

The match between C. Hitchcock, Jr., and Byers was interesting, but the greater steadiness of the former brought about a victory, as was expected, by 2 up and 1 to play. In the final between Hitchcock and Richardson the former won by a score of 4 up and 2 to play.

MONEY TALKS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

torer conducted his business on a peculiar plan; he was a bald man with a red face and coarse. He asked how the baby was, and, when Ned told him, whistled "Nellie and I and the Baby" like the doctor, as he chopped off the unlovely feet of the fowl, and told Ned it was twenty cents. But I saw that poultice sell the very dead image of that bird afterward, to a fussy old gentleman in a white hat, for fifty cents. If anything, I think Ned's fowl was the fatter of the two.



THE DOCTOR WAS A LARGE, FAT, SNUFFY MAN

As for me, I was worn out with night watching and slumbered soundly all morning in the poultryer's cash-drawer, with some greasy compatriots. I was fated to continue in low company, though. At noon I helped to change a five-dollar bill and left the poultryer's to become the property of a respectable old lady in a poke bonnet. That night housebreakers entered and looted the old lady's residence, and I went away in the small hours of the morning in the pocket of a villainous-visaged burglar. He gave me to a Chinese laundryman for his "washing," and I spent the day with the Celestials. And such a day!

There were three exiles from the Flowery Orient in the place, and a pull-hair, tight-eyed, persecuted lot they were, too. All the morning dirty-faced boys moved and mocked through the windows and mimed us; we were jeered at, abused and cheated by our clients, who were cheerfully high-handed; but we were a patient set and worked away, ironing, and chattering in our strange language—attempts to just reprisals, satisfied to leave vengeance to Him of the Yellow Coat, Tao, the god of all gods, who lives five thousand years.

After a midday refection of rice, chicken gizzards chopped fine with preserved peaches, peacock-down salad with candy dressing, bird's-nest soup and some very good tea, we had an opium smoke in the back room. Now, this was a pagoda-shaped place, gaily with lanterns, strips of colored paper, papier-mache dragons, and strung with fire-crackers. There was a very smoky and ugly idol perched on top of a soap-box. The smoke made me drowsy, and though I did not exactly go to sleep, I saw some very inexplicable, strange sights in that back room.

There were three or four thin, sickly, dragged hens under the bamboo bunks upon which we smoked, and after a while the hens came out and cut all kinds of capers—quite unlike any actions I ever since saw hens indulge in. They went through intricate military manoeuvres, played leap-frog and shiny, and one gained a lot of applause by standing on her foolish head and balancing the sneaky idol on her toes.

Another stretched out her skinny neck at least eight feet and picked flies off the ceiling, and the others, laughing heartily, attempted to abstract the flies through her throat as they slid down. The flies went down about a foot apart (as the hen was exceedingly dexterous in capturing them), and the performance looked for all the world like a giraffe swallowing water; for I have seen a giraffe taking a drink, in the Cenozoic era, when elephants and strange beasts roamed the Rockies, and was reminded by the Chinaman's smoke hen. Also I remember flying reptiles eighty feet in length, with jaws a yard long. All in that back room.

I heard one of the Celestials say it was a lucky day for the washee business; he had never seen so many bundles come in before; so they burned paper prayers at the feet of Joss. I think we took in as many as twenty wash bundles. But the smoke had made me drowsy. I went to bed in a sweet-smelling lacquered box under the ironing board and slept soundly all night.

Next morning the Chinamen gave me to an Italian fruit vender for bananas, of which they were very fond. The Italian gave me to his padrone (who had a face like an undertaker, the laugh of a hyena, and carried a spring blade knife in his pocket), and the padrone spent me in a saloon. (It was not my fault that I got into saloons so frequently. I have nothing new to tell of this one.) Late that night I was given out in charge to a fine gentleman who called in for a nightcap, and he took me home with him to an equally fine residence on Nob Hill.

After shaving close in the morning the fine gentleman gave

me, and others like me, to his wife, a noble looking, dignified lady. I accompanied the fine gentleman's wife and her little boy (who, it seemed, was to have a new suit) to a large clothing emporium on Market Street.

We went there in a varnished carriage, drawn by a span of prancing horses, black as ravens, but sadly mutilated as to tails and tortured with very tight check-reins, so that they foamed at the mouth. The black horses were driven by a sulky coachman in gaudy livery and an aggressive beat-skin headpiece, which seemed to have the same effect upon his temper as the horses' checks had on them—poor beasts!

Arriving at the emporium in due time, the noble, dignified lady selected a suit for the little boy, and I was surprised to hear her haggle with the salesman about the price, which seemed to me to be small enough. She growl red and quite abusive, and the weary salesman ultimately gave in, and I was part of the money she gave him for the suit. I heard him tell a fellow-clerk that she "would sweat a nickel," and that it was no wonder the workwomen starved to death. (Nobody starves who keeps my company, I notice.)

We did not pay out much money in the emporium, although we took in a great deal; so I was not released from my dark drawer until toward evening. Then I was fished out in company with a dime, by the cashier (who gnawed his nails), and given to a worn, anemic creature, who looked as if she had never had a "good feed" (as my old friend Billy would call it) in her life. The poor creature feebly remonstrated at the smallness of the sum; she was a sweet-faced, pretty little thing, delicately fashioned—too fragile-seeming to battle for bread.

"Only a dollar and ten cents for a whole week's work!" she said. "Why, I made five boys' suits!"

"Can't help it," said the cashier. "We can get all the help we want now for twelve cents a suit; you are being overpaid; take it or leave it!" He was a cheap, sycophantic fellow with a sickly, colorado-claro complexion, face-marked; a denouncer of fig-thieves; a seeker of small applause; a cringer to strength and a bully to helplessness. Some two-legged animals are so constructed.

"And my rent alone is two dollars!" murmured the girl. The cashier settled his cravat and grinned at her offensively.

It so happened that a gentleman in a check suit and a brown hat was trying on a pair of gloves at a counter near by. His back seemed familiar to me. I glanced at him as the girl closed her worn, meagre fingers over me and turned away. The gentleman in the checked suit whirled around to the cashier and said:

"Did you ever hear of a chap called Tom Hood?"

"No, sir," smirked the cashier. "Who was he, sir?"

"He wrote a song about your gang," said the gentleman.

"Went something like this:

"The poor are growing poorer,

And the rich are growing richer,

The cannibal clothier fattens upon

The lean and hungry stitcher!"

"You're insulting!" said the cashier. "Go to —!" said the other.

I went out with the girl and heard no more of the conversation. Outside, the poor thing stopped a moment and looked around her helplessly; while she was standing there, a very waif of Fortune, jostled by the crowd, the gentleman in the check suit came out, touched her upon the arm and said hurriedly:

"There's a mistake about that money, miss! The cashier says the price has gone up for—those things you did, y' know. It's four dollars that's coming to you. Here it is! I'm one of the clerks in that da—in that Robbers' Roost. You needn't go back—just give me that dollar."

He thrust a crisp five-dollar note into the bewildered girl's hand and took the dollar she mechanically gave him. Then, forgetting his assumed character, he lifted his hat to the girl (who could not speak for joy), showed his white teeth in a smile, said "Good-morning," and strolled down the street.

Who do you think that sweet liar was? Why, save my body—Billy! I heard him murmur to himself: "A fool and his money!" He must have referred to the men who gamed with him.

Quite regardless of the astonishment of passers-by, the careless vagabond stopped on the corner and tossed me into the air. "Heads, theatre; tails, the bank!" he cried. I came tails, and then Billy was surprised. "I'm a qualified Chink if it ain't my lucky dollar!" he exclaimed. Really, I don't know which one of us was the more delighted. I felt my own scared-faced lady smile upon him. "That settles it!" said Billy. "I'll go and get into a game as quick as I know how! Guess my luck's switched!" That was gay language for a clothier's clerk, don't you think?

Well, we did. It appears poor Billy had been losing all week. We went on a buccaneering expedition that night. I helped to win about twelve hundred dollars for Billy, and we retired to bed in the bridal chamber of the Palace Hotel as the roosters of the city began their matin jubilee. For Billy had stood champagne to the night clerk and the clerk insisted on the bridal chamber, and wept and would not be comforted otherwise. We dreamed dreams that night, and a pale pretty face flitted through them.

We rose late and breakfasted principally upon Apollinaris.

Afterward Billy took me to a gunsmith of his acquaintance, and that grimy man punched a hole through me. After that I was fastened to Billy's watch-chain, over opposite the watch—which had got back.

I have no more to say, except that three months later we

were in the palace car Nomad on the Overland Flyer. My

buzzard was smoothed off to make room for Billy's initials—

and some others—and I must be reconciled to spend the rest

of my life heavily gold plated, which is uncomfortable in warm weather. That eagle was ever an eyesore to me, and I do not pine after him. He was a libellous caricature on Art.

Billy cleaned up thirty thousand dollars in 'Frisco, and we were on our way back to the land of the new sun—going into respectable business there, Billy says, and "run straight."

I suppose you've guessed it? Billy got married. "William Westcott and Wife, drawing-room section." That's what the ticket said. Wife was sitting over in the corner of the drawing-room section, smiling and happy, with a light in her bright eyes, when she turned them on Billy, that made that gentleman throw his novel on the plush cushion and go over and kiss her, and then sit with his arm around her trim waist; while the Mojave Desert, with its eternal drifting sands and phantom Indian centaurs, slipped past the plate-glass window and rattled upon the pines its sand-smoke.

"What are you thinking about, Jennie?" asked Billy finally.

She nestled up against him.

"I was thinking that the first time you ever spoke to me you told me—two—big—stories, dear!" said she.

"What was that, Jen?" asked Billy, with some consternation.

"You told me you were a clerk in that clothing store, and you gave me five dollars for one, dear, and—" she laughed, but a sob lingered behind—a sob better than a laugh. "Oh! but I had a good cry that night, and just lots to eat."

Billy rubbed his mustache against her cheek, getting rounder—Jennie's cheek was. Presently he asked:

"Where is it, Jen?"

Jennie drew me, warm and glowing, from the bosom of her dress. Jennie was dressed in silks. ("Nothing's too good for us," said Billy.) A slender gold chain was around her neck and I was fastened to the chain. Billy pressed me to his lips. My lady, with no thoughts of treachery to Jennie, flushed a beautiful golden red, and held up her month willingly. The Liberty band over her front hair got pulled around a little to one side, and has remained so ever since.



A WOMAN . . . PALE AND HAGGARD



THOMAS FINCH

"WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT, JENNIE?"

And so we went on and on. The desert wastes passed behind us that day, and we went up into green and fertile hills, to learn the new lesson of life that was old when Cheops' sepulchre was hewn out of the heart of my blood brothers of the Great Pyramid.

I have nothing further to say. We have lived more or less happily ever since.





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U. S. S. "ALABAMA"

WITH A BIG red flag snapping in the breeze at her mast-head, and with a broad white furrow of foam rolling back from each bow, the new battleship *Alabama* swept majestically across the finish line on August 28, off Cape Ann, Massachusetts, a splendid winner in her thirty-three-mile race against time. Not only had she exceeded her contract speed by a full knot, but she had beaten the record of her sister ship, the *Kearsarge*, made recently over the same course. The trial was made under the direction of the United States Navy Board of Inspection and Survey, headed by Rear-Admiral Frederick Rodgers.

Down the long sea lane, formed by the warships *Texas*, *Kentucky*, *Kearsarge*, *Massachusetts*, *Indiana* and *Oscoda*, anchored at regular intervals along the course, the *Alabama* steamed "as steady as a church," as an officer put it.

In supreme command on the bridge, from start to finish, stood Captain Redwood D. Sargent, representing the builders—the Cramps of Philadelphia—one of whom, Edwin D. Cramp, stood beside him watch in hand, counting off the seconds as the great vessel passed each mark ship where the "jackies" manned the rails and cheered the new candidate for speed honors.

Deep down in the fire-rooms, working like demons, a score of men fed picked coal into the furnaces, keeping the steam up to its 180 pounds under forced draught, while above, in the engine-room, Chief Engineer Harry Mull and a corps of expert engineer officers kept strict watch on the indicator cards. Results showed that the engines developed 11,500 indicated horse-power while the maximum revolutions of the propellers was 118 a minute.

The *Alabama's* displacement is exactly the same as that of the *Kentucky* and *Kearsarge*—11,525. Her length on the load water line is 368 feet; beam extreme, 72 feet 2 inches; draught, 23 feet 6 inches; full bunker capacity 1,500 tons; complement of officers, 40; seamen and marines, 449. Her main battery includes four 13-inch breech-loading rifles, in Hichborn balanced oval turrets, and fourteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns. In the secondary battery there are sixteen 6-pounder and four 1-pounder guns, two Colt, and two field guns, and four torpedo tubes. Her armor belt is 16 1/2 inches thick.

Captain W. H. Brownson, U.S.N., will command the *Alabama* when she is put in commission, which will be in six weeks, it is said.—(See front page.)

SELF-ADVERTISEMENT

LIMOGES is noted for its china factories and the following incident is told by an eye-witness. At one of the theatres the leading actress was in the habit of breaking a plate at a given moment every evening. One night the plate fell, but, as chance willed, did not break. Instantly a short man started to his feet, shouting:

"That plate was made at my factory." —*Journal Amusant.*

ROSY TEACHERS

Look Better in the School-Room than the Sallow Sort.

Young folks naturally like comely objects, and a good looking, healthy teacher can do vastly more with pupils, everything else considered, than the skinny, dyspeptic teacher can. The instructor in Latin and mathematics in a young ladies' seminary at Macon, Ga., had an experience worthy the attention of any teacher.

She kept running down a little more each year until finally a genuine case of nervous prostration set in and she was confined to her bed for eight months, a perfect wreck, physically and mentally. She and her friends thought it was due to overwork, but she now knows it was due to improper food.

Of course the physicians were called in, but there is almost nothing that can be done in such cases, except to rely on well selected food and proper care. She was put upon Grape-Nuts, all medicines, also tea, coffee, and iced drinks were taken away. She had Postum Food Coffee once a day. The larger part of her food was Grape-Nuts, for this food is made with special reference to rebuilding the gray matter in the brain and nerve centres.

The lady says: "I had been reduced to 95 pounds in weight when I began using Grape-Nuts. The new food was so delicious and strengthening that I felt new life at once. I have now developed into a perfectly healthy, happy, stout woman, weighing 135 pounds, the greatest weight I ever attained, and have a wonderfully clear, fresh, rosy complexion, instead of the sallow, bilious hue of the past."

"I never now have a symptom of dyspepsia nor any other ache or ail. Am strong physically and I particularly notice the strength of mind. I never experience that tired, weary feeling after a hard day's labor that used to appear. My brain seems as clear and active at night as it was in the morning and I am doing twice the amount of work I ever did. Don't use my name in public, please, but I will answer inquiries." Name can be obtained from Postum Cereal Co. Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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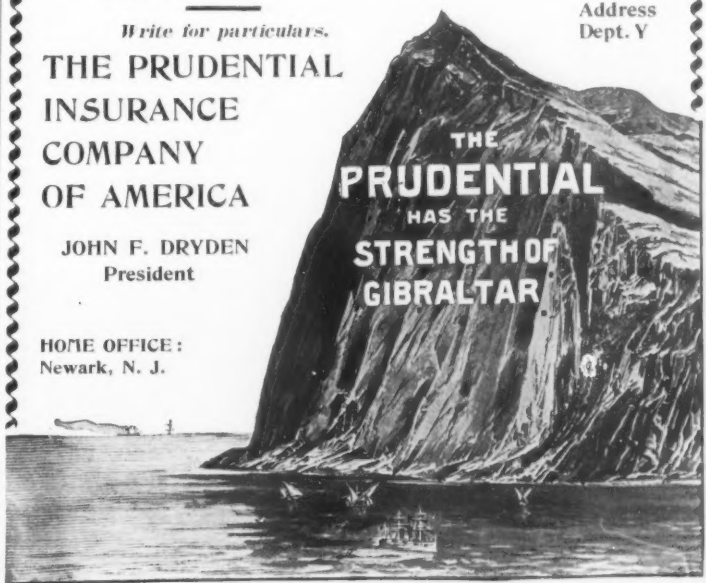
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AT \$11.25 WE FURNISH THIS SEWING MACHINE complete with all accessories, including 1 thread cutter, 2 screwdrivers, 1 bobbin, 1 package needles, 1 gauge, 1 oil can filled with oil, and a complete instruction book, which makes everything so plain that even a child without previous experience can operate the machine at ease. **FOR 25 CENTS EXTRA,** we furnish, in addition to the regular accessories mentioned, the following special attachments: 1 foot hemmer, 1 quilter, 1 gatherer, 1 binder, 1 set of plain hemmers, different widths up to 5 1/2 inches. **SEWING MACHINE DEALERS** machines at one time will be supplied with the same machine, under another name and with our name the same, viz. \$11.25, even in hundred lots. **ORDER TODAY. DON'T DELAY.** Such an offer was never known before. Address your orders plainly to **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.), CHICAGO, ILL.**

THIS ILLUSTRATION gives you an idea of the appearance of the **HIGH GRADE, HIGH ARM HOME QUEEN SEWING MACHINE** which we furnish at \$11.25, in the handsome 6-drawer drop head oak cabinet illustrated.

WE RECEIVED letters from 10,714 women who bought our Brace during the year 1899. A majority of these were women who had long considered perpetual suffering as their legacy, but they found in this simple, easy device a cure.

It brings rest, strength, comfort, ability to enjoy life, grace and freedom for all exercise. A priceless boon to the feeble woman; a benefit to all women.

Worn with any dress, with or without corset, wholly external, adjustable to any figure, invaluable to the prospective mother.

HAZEN, PA., Sept. 16, 1899.

I had suffered three years from falling womb, backache, headache, bearing-down pains, pain around the heart, constipation, irregular menstruation, constant leucorrhoea, sleeplessness and extreme nervousness. I am now completely cured, and the Brace did it. The womb has resumed its proper position and stays there. I gained 13 pounds in six weeks. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began to wear the Brace. **MRS. J. M. RAYBOLT.**

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CURES AILMENTS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
TRIAL FREE

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION—COMFORTABLE—ADJUSTABLE TO ANY FIGURE.



THE CHINA WAR—BRIGADIER-GENERAL DORWOOD (ON THE LEFT) OF THE BRITISH ARMY—WHO SHARED COMMAND IN THE ATTACK ON THE NATIVE CITY OF TIEN-TSIN—WITH MAJOR-GENERAL FUKUSHIMA OF THE JAPANESE ARMY, BEHIND THE MUD WALL DURING THE AFTERNOON OF AUGUST 13. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

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Full Quarts,
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Hayner's Seven
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Such whiskey cannot be purchased else-
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if you live in Ohio, Kentucky, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin or Iowa; if in any other state east of the Rocky Mountains, send \$1.00, cut this ad out and send four and we will send you this big 300-pound safe. **COOK STOVE** subject to examination. EXAMINE IT AT YOUR FREIGHT DEPT., and if found perfectly satisfactory and the greatest stove bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay **\$11.50** and freight charges, or \$10.50 and freight charges if \$1.00 is sent with the order. Freight will average about \$1.00 for each 500 miles. **THIS STOVE** is size 8x18, oven is 18x12x11; top 24x24, height 28; made from best pig iron, large flues, cut tops, heavy cut centers, heavy corners, heavy linings, with very heavy sectional fire back, large balled ash pan, slide hearth plate and side oven shelf, pouch feed, oven door kicker, heavy tin lined oven door, handsome nickel trimmings on doors, front, sides, etc.; extra large porcelain lined reservoir. Best coal burner made. We furnish an extra wood grate, making it a perfect wood burner. We issue a **BINDING GUARANTEE** with every stove. Your stove dealer would ask you at least \$20.00 for such a stove. Order this and you will save at least \$8.00. Write for free stove catalogue. Address: **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO**

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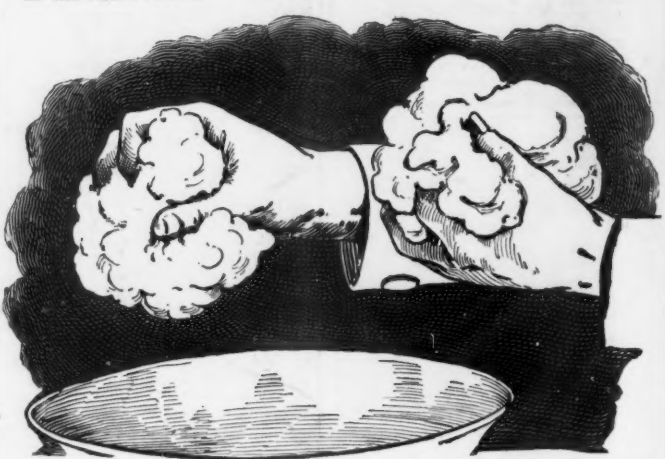
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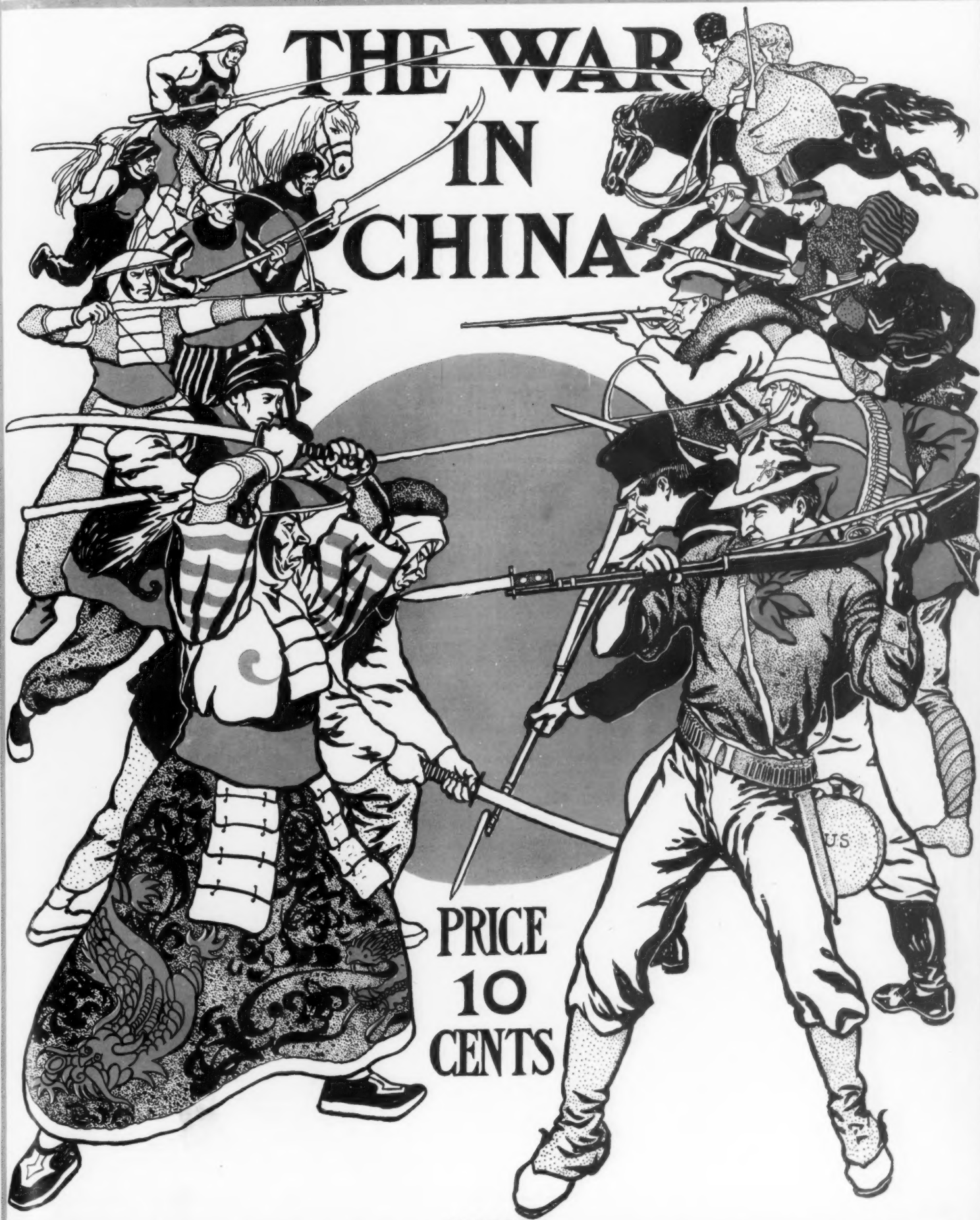
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